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DON SEBASTIAN;  
OR,  
THE HOUSE OF BRAGANZA.

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J. M'CREERY, Printer,  
Black-horse Court, London.

*Isabella Baker*

1816

# DON SEBASTIAN;

OR,

## THE HOUSE OF BRAGANZA.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

AUTHOR OF THE HUNGARIAN BROTHERS.

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Take Physic, Pomp!  
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,  
So shalt thou shake the superflux to them,  
And shew the Heavens more just.

KING LEAR.

VOL. IV.

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**DON SEBASTIAN,**  
**OR**  
**THE HOUSE OF BRAGANZA.**

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**CHAP. I.**

**AFTER** serious reflection Sebastian came to the determination of sacrificing his domestic comforts to the ultimate good of his people and his child: the conflict was over with himself, but how was he to conquer the heart of Kara Aziek? of that tender mother, who “chid the winds of Heaven,” if they blew too roughly on the face of her darling?—that tender mother and faithful wife, who saw so much of

virtue and happiness around her dwelling at Cachoeira, that she knew not where the world could shew a station more productive of either.

Dreading the excess of her grief, yet arming himself to encounter it, Sebastian quitted his solitude, and went forth to seek her.

He found her with Blanche, just returning from their village church, where they had been witnessing the marriage of an Indian girl with one of the most enlightened and amiable of her tribe. The happy scene from which they were come, had lighted up the countenances of each: Blanche was yet too young for complete sympathy with the blushing Izamba, but her heart sympathized with happiness of any sort; and the tear of benevolent pleasure which stood on the cheek of her mother, called a shower over hers.

Gently walking under a long line of cedars shading the Cachoeira, Sebastian descried them afar off.—The full and



perfectly-formed figure of Kara Aziek, her slow soft step, the gentle dignity which distinguished her, were contrasted by the slight and budding graces of Blanche's more airy form. Her step was quick, bounding, and uncertain as the young Gazelle's; her looks were timid, not majestic; and like spring preceding summer, she sportively advanced, admiring every object she had seen and admired a thousand times before.

Sebastian scarcely descried her ere she was at his side: by an irresistible impulse he took her in his arms, and holding her to his heart, suffered the tears he could no longer restrain, to fall over her face.

It was the first time that Blanche had ever felt her father's tears; she looked up, and the bright roses of health and delight faded from her cheek.

"Be not alarmed, my child! he whispered in a faltering voice, as he let her go again, "I will rejoin your mother soon

—speak not to her of this weakness—I must explain it myself.

Having spoken, he turned away, and hurrying towards a sugar-mill, which he entered, as if intent on business, left Blanche to wait for her mother, who seeing nothing extraordinary in this conduct of her husband, entered her own habitation.

It was long ere Sebastian sufficiently recovered himself to join Kara Aziek; the smile with which he dressed his pale countenance could not conceal from her the unusual agitation of his heart: she fearfully inquired its cause, and was answered by a cautious explanation of De Castro's situation and engagements.

Kara Aziek listened to him in profound silence, which she did not break till some moments after he had concluded; she then turned on him her expressive eyes; no tears were there, but they were full of that maternal anguish she felt called upon to control.

She looked tenderly at him, as if she believed him unable to avert the calamity with which she was threatened, and as if she considered him equally with herself, an object of compassion. "I submit:" she said at length, turning her eyes from her husband and fixing them on Heaven; "There are periods in which I dare not yield to my feelings. That God who has blessed us with our Blanche, calls her now to become an instrument for her father's restoration: I may not detain her."—

At the last words, Kara Aziek closed her eyes as if she would have shut from her husband's sight the anguish of her soul: a general trembling seized her, and unable to relieve herself by tears, she made an effort to smile, and pressing his hand, leaned her face upon his shoulder.

Sebastian gently supported her. "This unresisting acquiescence, this uncomplaining grief, affected him far more than the most violent despair: in proportion

as his Aziek appeared more worthy of happiness, her different destiny seemed more cruel.

“Dearest and best of women!” he exclaimed, “is it to day that I am to receive the strongest proof of that love which has been the angel of my life?—You know my heart, and you spare me the misery of contending with tenderness for you, and duty to Portugal: you weep not, you complain not!—O my Aziek, am I then indeed, dearer to thee than the child to whom thou gavest birth?—I expected lamentation, remonstrance, shall I confess it?—sorrowful reproaches—I find gentleness and heroism; I find that I am still the first in that precious heart.”—

Transported out of himself by such a conviction, Sebastian folded his arms around his wife, whose countenance suddenly glowing with vivid emotion, was now bathed in tears. Instantaneously melted by this burst of affection, she wept profusely, but her tears had no bitterness

in them ; she forgot at that moment the impending evil she had been contemplating.

By degrees this rapture subsided, and the separation from her daughter returned in all its force. “ I will try to merit these kind praises : ” she said faintly, “ but my heart may not always have such strength : pardon me therefore Sebastian, if some moments of weakness should make me the selfish creature you feared to find me. Remember that in this discourse I have spoken my real sentiments, and do not attend to the temporary ravings of a mother, who cannot always hear the voices of Reason and Religion ; who cannot always obey their commands. In my soul I am convinced we ought to make this sacrifice ; as such, it shall be completed.”

Again the tears of Kara Aziek ceased to flow, and her features resumed their former paleness. Sebastian still looked at her with a mixture of anguish and

delight. His affection was eloquent, and repeated tributes to the fortitude he admired, contributed to support and to console Kara Aziek.

One important matter yet remained to be discussed; should they or should they not suffer Blanche to depart without knowing the story of her birth?

Many arguments in favor of each line of conduct presented themselves during this interesting discussion; but those had the most weight, which dictated explanation.

Blanche was of an age and a character to feel the value of such a confidence: the knowledge of her parents misfortunes would surely endear them to her heart; and when widely separated, that anxiety which must result from her acquaintance with their critical situation, would form still a link of union. Their thoughts, their wishes, their solitudes, would yet remain the same, though their persons might be divided; it would be impossible



for Blanche not to remember and to love her parents, when her dearest interests were inseparably interwoven with their images.

In addition to this consideration, Sebastian urged one equally important: Blanche would sooner attain the qualities requisite for her future guidance through life, by this early call upon them. Discretion, courage, attentive observation of persons and events, careful calculation of actions, and their consequences, would be the natural fruit of thus giving her a necessity for all these properties.

With the prospect of one day filling a station of responsibility, seeing in the example of her father the awful vicissitudes to which even monarchy is exposed, and feeling, in her own person, the dependance of man on man, she would avoid the risk of becoming intoxicated with a distinction which presented itself under a shape so forbidding.

Her imagination, chastized by experi-

ence, and her heart disciplined by early care, would mature, fix, and ennoble her character: if Providence should call her to a throne, that education would enable her to fill it with honour; if destined to pass her life in obscurity, the memory of her parents lot, would teach her the emptiness of the world, and the rarer treasures of that benevolence which makes joy to itself in every station.

If blind to the advantages of candour, Sebastian should permit Blanche to depart in ignorance of her real condition, he reflected, that she must go with either a sentiment of curiosity about the concealed motives of her parents, or with a sentiment of disappointment at their seemingly-luke-warm affection: continual deception must be practised on her; and bearing away with her no quickening principle of anxiety, her filial love would soon languish.

The remembrance of her happy home, would, from its very happiness, only serve



to excuse her to herself for ceasing to feel an animated interest in its inhabitants ; and delivering up her young mind to the charms and novelties of a gay life, she would perhaps lose much of her goodness and all her simplicity.

These reflections decided Sebastian, for Kara Aziek had decided at first, from the mere impulse of feeling.

Having left his Aziek seeking additional strength at that sacred source whence human virtue is derived, he sought Gaspar, and imparted to him the resolution to which he had brought himself : Gaspar's emotion was purely joyful ; he neither dreaded dangers nor difficulties, oceans, nor dungeons, when the prospect of being useful to his King lay before him.

His sanguine nature made him certain that he should not be long separated from Sebastian : the destruction of Spanish tyranny, and the restoration of Portugal, were events that he concluded must follow the interference of England ; he was but

leading his sweet young mistress to a triumph, not to a struggle; he was but going to make the path broad and open which led back to the throne of her ancestors.

“We part, Sire! it is true;” he said, “yet what is our parting?—we shall meet again, and meet in happiness. I feel that Providence has now set a period to your trials: this is the epoch destined for the recovery of your former possessions.—We shall reach England—England will raise her powerful arm, and as if by magic, the whole mass of foreign tyranny will crumble to dust. My honoured young mistress will then be given to the Portuguese as a pledge that their beloved sovereign yet lives, and will condescend to reign over them: you will arrive, Sire, to find in your own kingdom, power, adoration, and happiness!”

“Not adoration Gaspar,” said Sebastian, smiling kindly, “not adoration, that is an impious tribute to kings, which, thank God, I never required, nay, which

I abhorred, even in my proudest day.—If I may regain the *love* of my people, by convincing them that a parental tenderness for them glows in this time-tried heart, I shall indeed rejoice that the meridian hours of my life are not to pass away at Cachoeira. Marvellous destiny! (he added after a thoughtful pause) shall I ever again find myself the ruler of a mighty nation—the arbiter of their fates—the earthly God to punish and to reward?—When I look back to the period in which I *was* this powerful creature, it seems to me a long-past dream; suffering and seclusion, the only realities!”

“Not so, Sire!” gravely observed Gaspar, “you are a sovereign and a God at Cachoeira; you are the happiest of husbands and of fathers,—and do you say that there are no realities but suffering and seclusion?”

Sebastian fixed his eyes on him, with a look of generous approval, “Ever, my friend!” he exclaimed; “ever watchful

over my character as much as my interest! I spoke, Gaspar, in a way too familiar with me: I spoke from the impression of one recollection only; I remembered therefore my losses, and forgot my possessions. Be satisfied, my soul is fully sensible of the rare blessings I enjoy. Had I not lost my liberty and crown, I should never have been the happy father and husband, never have opened my eyes on the light of pure Christianity: this thought makes me consider my misfortunes as benefits."

Gaspar expressed his satisfaction at so ingenuous a confession of error, and proceeded to name the time and preparations that would be required, ere he could commence his voyage.

He knew that merchant-ships were then in the bay of St. Salvador, bound for St. Lucar: in one of these, it was agreed he should procure a passage for himself and his young charge, with whom he might easily proceed from St. Lucar to Messina.

Nothing was more common than for the children of Brazillian settlers to be sent to Europe for their education or health, and one of these motives would certainly be attributed to Blanche's separation from her parents, should any persons think such an event of sufficient consequence to employ their thoughts.

Charged with securing the cabin of the merchant-ship, and with providing all things requisite for a tedious voyage, Gaspar hastened to St. Salvador, leaving sadness in that house, which until now, never knew more than the shadow of passing clouds.

The interview with his daughter was a trying hour to Sebastian: Kara Aziek declined being present: her heart dreaded itself; and the nearer drew the moment in which she was to make the sacrifice demanded, the more her fears and her agitation increased.

"If I should fail at last!" she constantly repeated to herself, while striving to

strengthen her resolution by the recollection of Sebastian's commendations; "if I should disappoint his trust in my promise of submission! ah God! pity me, succour me, support my feeble spirit, and give me that added confidence in thy mercy, that added tenderness for his feelings, which may successfully wrestle against the despair of a mother."

Impressed with a sense of her own weakness, Kara Aziek fled from every scene which could enervate her still further, courageous from that very tenderness of character, with which her courage had to struggle, she refused to herself the luxury of indulging her grief, and of participating in that affecting interview which must increase it.

While she surrounded herself by various occupations, forcibly wresting her mind towards the interest of others, Sebastian was unfolding to their daughter the wonderful story of his youth.

Her amazement and sympathy may be



imagined; they were in proportion to the sensibility of her character: but Sebastian looked beyond these, and as he slowly related the events of his life, and pointed out the lessons to be learned from them, he watched their effect on her who might hereafter need such beacons to guide her in the same course.

A serious joy warmed his heart, when he beheld the impression made by the knowledge of her birth: looks of trouble and apprehension were instantly diffused over her features: she was not ambitious therefore: to inspire her with zeal for her own rights, it would be requisite to teach her the benevolent purposes to which they might be directed.

No parts of her father's narrative so absorbed the attention of Blanche, as those which related to her mother. While Sebastian detailed the variety of Kara Aziek's destiny, and the transitions from pain to pleasure which they had

had mutually endured, the eyes of Blanche alternately shone with the brightness of joy, or fell to the ground blinded with tears. It was evident, that from the moment Kara Aziek appeared upon the scene, her affectionate child saw in her love the best blessing of life, and ceasing to think of her father's loftier anxieties, was solely interested in reaching the moment which gave her parents to each other.

Once, and only once, did her agitated heart burst through the restraint which delicate timidity, and filial respect had imposed: it was at the description of Sebastian's return to Portugal, at the reception of Donna Gonsalva, and the conversation of the two noblemen at the house of Lopez Vernara.

Powerfully moved by these incidents, she suddenly threw herself on the bosom of her father, exclaiming, in a voice broken by sobs, " Ah send me not to such a



dreadful world ! let me not live with people who have thus outraged my dearest father !”

Much affected by a sensibility as just as it was exquisite, Sebastian strained her to his breast, and lifting up the scattered ringlets from her cheek, he kissed it fondly. That roseate cheek, those eyes now closed with grief, but lovely still from the long lashes which fringed them, the soft arms that twined around his neck, and the beautiful tresses which fell dishevelled over them, all these were so like his Aziek's, that he repeated his caresses, and abandoned to a moment of weakness, whispered, “ Should I not risk all things to go with my child ?”

At this unexpected dawn of hope, Blanche raised her face, the sunshine of happy youth was on it. “ O my father ;” she cried, “ let us go together !—my mother, my dear mother too—we cannot live without her.”

Sebastian had now recovered himself,

and sorrowing to destroy the illusion his own words had raised, he proceeded in a calmer tone, to explain to her the weighty reasons which rendered it necessary for him to trust the judgment of De Castro, and to act by his suggestion: he alone could decide on the prudence of measures, which must be influenced by the conduct of those potentates amongst whom he was acting.

Blanche had been early taught to yield to the voice of reason: the moment she was convinced that what she wished was hostile to her better interests, or blameable in itself, she ceased to form a wish on the subject. She submitted to the commands of duty, as to the irreversible decrees of Heaven.

This valuable habit of moral obedience, now enabled her to acquiesce in the dreary prospect of separating from her parents, and committing herself to a world, of which the history had made her afraid. She wept bitterly; but she fre-

quently repeated, that she saw her father could not in justice to himself and his country, and in gratitude to those friends who were now risking their lives for his sake by secret correspondence with the enemies of Philip, do otherwise than grant them some rallying point like herself.

Sebastian contemplated her as she sat struggling against her grief, kissing his hands and looking at him with humid smiles; Sebastian contemplated her with many an admiring thought. He contrasted her character and conduct with what his own had been at a much more forward period of youth: at that period the whole globe was scarce large enough for his tempestuous passions to rage in. Shame and compunction were on his brow. "Blanche," he exclaimed, "if the certainty that you possess the fullest love, the most perfect approbation of your father, can give comfort to your heart, be assured that you do possess them—never my child, never were you

half so dear or so estimable to me, as at this moment."

Blanche started from her seat, and threw herself before him ; Sebastian bent towards her, and holding her against his breast in the lovely attitude in which she had placed herself, he resumed his discourse. " Cultivate this self-government which ennobles you thus in a parent's eyes !—O my daughter, self-government is dignity, is happiness, is dominion !—'tis the secret of disarming adversity of its sting—'tis the virtue which comprehends all others—'tis that which will entitle you to a crown in Heaven !—Had I been like thee, my child, at this instant I should have nothing to reproach myself with ; I should have been dwelling in the house of my fathers, and I should not have had to send my innocent Blanche into a faithless world in search of that possession which my folly threw away."

He stopt, and several deep sighs followed his words. Blanche kissed his

hand with repressed ardour; her timid voice trembled as she spoke. "You have profited by your chastisements, dearest father, or how should I have become the character you praise?—ah me! shall I always remain so? your virtues have sprung up out of your trials; and mine perhaps may die under them."

Struck with the justice of this observation, and charmed with the salutary humility which it proved, her gratified father pursued the theme she had begun, and discoursing on principles and passions, on trials and temptations, forgot the lapse of time.

Kara Aziek's voice near the windows of the apartment in which they sat, roused him to recollection, and taking Blanche by the hand, he went forth to join her mother.

By the same impulse, Kara Aziek and her daughter pressed each other in their arms without speaking; Sebastian approached, and drew them towards him!

he too was silent : after some moments of extreme emotion, they recovered themselves, and rose from this sad embrace. The faces of Kara Aziek and Blanche were bathed in tears, that of Sebastian was pale, but more composed.

As if by tacit agreement, no one ventured to speak of the only subject that engrossed their thoughts : their conversation was serious, and interrupted by long pauses, but it was evidently connected with their most interesting reflections.

Not till she was alone with her daughter, a few days previous to her departure, had Kara Aziek courage to name the trial they were about to encounter : at this instant fortitude forsook her, and the weeping Blanche beheld for the first time, her gentle and hitherto patient mother, given up to an agony of despair.

Periods like these, are not those in which human comfortings avail : the soul must seek and find its comforter in itself. It must be habituated to believe that all the



decrees of Heaven are wise and good ; then will sorrow gradually subside, and a consolation past utterance will succeed to distraction.

Experience had taught this most precious lesson to Kara Aziek ; for often had she had occasion to feel in her own person, and through that of her husband, that

“ We, ignorant of ourselves,  
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers  
Deny us for our good : so find we profit  
By losing of our prayers.”

The silent caresses and touching tears of her daughter, contributed to console, rather than to afflict her : so sweet, so amiable, so excellent a creature, was she not destined to ornament and to bless mankind ?—The heart of a fond mother answered in the affirmative ; and like the sick person who courageously bears the crisis of a disorder when the paroxym is expected to work his cure, she roused herself to support a parting which she

hoped would lead to permanent reunion.

Though flattering herself that many months would not elapse ere the path should be open for Sebastian's return to Portugal, she exhorted Blanche, as if their separation were to endure for years: her admonitions were few and impressive; she had nothing new to teach her daughter, but what she had been hitherto teaching her every day by example rather than precept, she now summed up, in easily-remembered maxims.

This discourse with her mother was never forgotten by Blanche.

Gaspar had provided the accommodations requisite for his young mistress; all their arrangements were completed, and the day was fixed for the sailing of the vessel which was to convey them to Europe. Sebastian confided to his friend a packet for Don Emanuel De Castro, signifying the extent to which he would engage himself with any foreign power



willing to assist him: this packet contained also a letter to Queen Elizabeth, which Blanche was to deliver at their first meeting.

Sebastian had written with the dignity of a King, and the tenderness of a father: by the warmth of his paternal expressions, he sought to make her sensible that she could not hope to injure or distress his child with impunity. He expressed himself strongly, yet with such courtly address, that although Elizabeth must feel his meaning, and see his doubts, she could not openly reply to them.

The hour of separation drew near; the ship was to sail on the morrow.

Having resolved to let no other objects share her heart with her parents, at that moment in which she alone would occupy theirs, Blanche took leave of the Indians on the preceding evening: their uncontrolled lamentations affected her powerfully; and it was not till the night was far

advanced, that she recovered from the mournful impression.

Day-break awoke her: when she first opened her eyes at the rustling of the breeze among the tall tops of a grove of Magnolias, when she saw their beautiful foliage, and heard the birds singing from their branches, she felt a sudden shock; for this was the last time in which she should see these trees, or feel this air!

She was going far away! she was going from her parents! at this conviction a death-like sickness oppressed her very heart; she sunk back on her pillow, and believing the effort impossible, resigned herself to an excess of despair. The tears which she shed in floods, gradually relieved her feelings, and left them more obedient to her will: she repeated to herself the injunctions and arguments of her parents, she strove to fix a short period for the continuance of their separation, and having recourse to devotion, was en-

abled to quit her chamber with a tolerably serene countenance.

It was yet early day; no one else was stirring, and Blanche rose thus soon, that she might take a parting look at the recent grave of Barémel.

This playmate and guardian of her infant days, had died of old age, and was buried by Sebastian himself under a cluster of Palmito's in his garden. No stone, with indecent resemblance to the monument of departed man, marked the place where he laid; but a circle of plaited reeds enclosed the little mound, and Blanche often stole there, to cover the bed of her favorite with flowers.

She now moved lightly and timidly towards it, half-ashamed of a sensibility it was amiable to feel. O lovely season of youth! how sweet art thou to behold, with thy attendant graces of modesty, susceptibility, and self-distrust!

The colours of the blooming flowers through which she passed painted the soft

complexion of Blanche; hers was the complexion that announced a tender and intelligent heart, for it varied with every thought and every feeling; it was now flushed with strong emotion.

She approached Barémel's grave, and was going to throw herself upon it with a violence of sorrow pardonable at her early age, when she was checked by the apprehension of its being criminal.—“ Yet he was so loving, and faithful !” she exclaimed, tears trembling in her eyes, “ I think it cannot be wrong to remember him with affection.” Her innocent heart decided in the affirmative, and sitting down near the grassy heap, she strewed it with blossoms, and gave loose to her tears.

Her mind was quickly thronged with long-past images: different epochs of holidays and festivals in which Barémel had constantly performed some amusing part; passed in review before her. She remembered his joyful bark, his supplicating whine, his watchful and loving looks, his

unwearied attendance of her from infancy to youth, over all the romantic region that surrounded Cachoeira. "Poor Barémel ! I can never see thee again !" she said, sighing: that apostrophe conveyed to her heart a salutary exhortation to take comfort on a far dearer subject.

She was indeed going to quit her parents, but not for ever ; they were yet in the flower of their lives, and Providence therefore permitted her to anticipate their future re-union. Blanche was of a grateful disposition ; she loved to be happy, and far from partaking in the nature of those wretchedly tempered spirits who seem to feast on discontent, and refuse to be comforted ; she opened her soul to admit the smallest particle of consolation.

Her reflections now assumed a more serious cast, (for they were employed in enumerating the mercies she yet possessed, and those she might anticipate without presumption,) but they were no longer afflicting : anxious to seize this moment of

resignation for appearing before her parents, she got up, and giving a long look of regret to the resting-place of her early companion, turned homeward.

Sebastian was advancing in search of her: "I have only been to look at poor Barémel's grave," she said blushing, "since you have told me all that I owe to him, his memory has become almost sacred to me, he saved my dear father's life."

Blanche added the last sentence with trepidation which shewed she was eager to give an honorable excuse for what might have been deemed a weakness. Sebastian pressed her hand as he led her forward: "like thy mother in all things!" he observed, "ever diffident of thy best and most engaging actions!"

They proceeded in silence to the apartment of Kara Aziek: she had yet many things to say, or to repeat, and she was now gathering fortitude to pronounce them calmly. Blanche sat down between her parents: each held one of her hands,



and frequently pressed it; but as yet, none of them spoke: their eyes were fixed on the ground.

Why is it that the dearest connexions, when about to lose sight of each other, avoid looking on the countenance they love, and which they will so soon long to behold again? is it that the soul instinctively prepares for its calamity, and tries to soften the pang by gradual abandonment of its enjoyments? or is it that grief would be uncontrollable if those delightful feelings were indulged which we are conscious must end with the removal of the person beloved?

Whatever be the motive, its effect was seen in the family at Cachoeira: they remained silent and immovable, drawing by stealth long and interrupted sighs. They were summoning resolution to speak of parting.

At this moment Gaspar hastily entered; every eye was raised towards him: "The ship sails an hour earlier than we expected,

a messenger has just come from St. Salvador to say so, we have not an instant to lose."

Kara Aziek uttered a loud shriek, and clasped her daughter in her arms; they had started up at Gaspar's first words, and now remained clinging to each other. Tears, sobs, broken exclamations, embraces repeated again and again, were the witnesses of their sorrow.

Gaspar called on them to remember the fatal consequence of delay: almost subdued himself, he yet had courage to appear barbarous, that he might shorten the pangs of others.

Blanche heard him not: she flung herself alternately from the arms of one parent to those of the other, and as she deluged their bosoms with her tears, she called on them to assure her that their separation should not be eternal.

Cold damps stood on the brow of Sebastian, for the pains of death were in his heart, but his eyes were tearless. Kara Aziek was like one frantic; her softness



had given place to a wild and resisting despair: she clung to her child, and no remonstrances had power to loosen her grasp!

Sebastian trembled for her reason, and that fear gave him strength to accomplish what he knew to be indispensable. He advanced towards his wife, forcibly, yet tenderly, unlocked her hands as they met round the waist of Blanche, and hastily pushing his daughter towards Gaspar, exclaimed, "Go, go my child! if you would not kill your mother. I have, I have blessed you—I bless you again."

Gaspar had seized the arm of Blanche, while his agitated master was trying to detain Kara Aziek; he now led the former towards the door, and lifting her up, ran with her from the house to the caloche which was to carry them to St. Salvador.

On reaching the carriage, he found that she had fainted; less alarmed at this natural effect of sorrow, than he would have been grieved by her lamentations, he got

into the vehicle, and supporting her against his shoulder, proceeded to bathe her temples with a pungent essence he usually wore about him.

His exertion succeeded, Blanche revived: she looked round, and seeing herself on the road, she knew that all hope of present change was desperate: her eyes closed again, but it was only to weep with less obviousness, and to preserve their last look of her parents.

## CHAP. II.

IT was long ere Sebastian could calm the anguish of her, who still

“ Warmed his fond heart, and beat in every pulse :”

To the pang of parting, quickly succeeded the tortures of suspense ; her child was at the mercy of an ocean whose horrors she had herself experienced too awfully not to apprehend similar disaster for others.

Aziek soon ceased to complain, but Sebastian’s watchful eyes marked the sudden alteration in hers at every blast of wind. Those wintry storms which formerly served to heighten the sublimity of their scenery, were now heard with horror : the pale cheek, the lifted eye, the scarce-breathed, half-checked apostrophe, all testified the suffering of an anxious mother.

Sebastian perceived the inutility of remonstrance and exhortation ; these might teach her to conceal her grief, but they could not bring her to conquer it : he abandoned them therefore, contenting himself with winning her to other interests, and planning new calls upon her benevolence.

He talked perpetually of Blanche, he talked without gloom ; he reverted to her sweet manners and virtues, he repeated the anecdotes of her childhood, (anecdotes, which a mother never ceases to hear with interest) he drew various imaginary pictures of her future destiny, and he took care to make those pictures pleasing. By degrees Kara Aziek learnt to associate the prospect of happiness with this temporary privation ; she learnt to believe the sanguine fortunes he foretold, and her mind, permitted to dwell on one dear object, readily took the only way he chose should lead to it. If tears sometimes trickled down her cheek at the name of her far-

distant treasure, they were tender tears, full of gratitude and hope.

The tedious months at length wore away, and letters arrived from Sicily.

What were the emotions of the parents when they saw the writing of their daughter, and were thus assured of her safety ! for some time they could not read her letter ; but they opened not any other, their child's sentiments and situation absorbed all their interest. Having recovered himself, Sebastian read the letter aloud, though his voice and his hand yet betrayed signs of remaining agitation.

The letter contained an account of Blanche's voyage, a warm acknowledgement of Gaspar's cares, description of her reception by the Duchess of Medina Sidonia, and a confession of her pleasurable emotions on witnessing the customs and refinements of Europe.

To these details was added the most affecting expressions of love for her parents, and of sorrow at their wide separation :

it was evident that the simple enjoyments of her native village yet held their place in her uncorrupted heart; the amusements of Sicily could not displace them, for these amusements only gratified her senses.

Charmed with the Duke and Duchess of Medina Sidonia, she described their kindness in glowing language: her delineation of their sentiments relieved Kara Aziek from many fears; with such noble persons she could trust her daughter's heart.

The packets from De Castro and Gaspar were chiefly on business: Sebastian perused them attentively. They informed him that Queen Elizabeth's favorable disposition yet remained unimpaired, but that being desirous of acting on certainties, and avoiding indiscreet reliance on her good faith, De Castro thought it expedient to return to London with his credentials from Sebastian, for the settlement of a final treaty between them; of which Princess Blanche should be the pledge on

the side of Portugal, and an immediate loan of money, (for the furtherance of their schemes,) the gaurantee on the part o England.

This arranged, he would instantly send for Blanche, who might be safely committed to Gaspar, and would be permitted to retain this watchful friend about her person, at the court of London.

Through the exertions of Lord Essex, some German Princes had promised to join the triple league against their common enemy, and Henry of France, (perhaps secretly favoring those principles he had weakly yielded up to gain a throne,) actually advanced an unconditional sum of money for the aid of Sebastian's agents in their various missions.

A formidable expedition under the gallant Essex, was fitting out in the ports of England; the capture or destruction of Cadiz was its object. But the most extraordinary part of this communication, was contained in the following sentences.



“ Amongst the volunteers in our expedition, there are two, at whose names your majesty will start. Antonio of Crato, and his son Don Christopher. For some time the prior had been upheld by the English, but on discovering the instability and levity of his character, they abandoned his interests: I found him living a neglected and private individual in London.

“ He was unconscious that my exertions here were caused by any stronger motive than the abhorrence of the Spanish yoke, (for our secret goes not beyond a small circle) and he deemed it right to visit me—my reception was so cold, that he quickly left me, and we have never met since.

“ He is embarked in the enterprize, foolishly believing that it is meant for his exaltation: Lord Essex is aware of the use which may be made of this folly, (as it indeed serves to mask the real candidate for Portugal) and suffers him therefore to boast as he will.



“ Don Christopher is of a different stamp: there is an honourable melancholy about him, that touched me at first sight; it is easy to perceive that he blushes at the remembrance of his mother, and that the story of your majesty's wrongs has reached his ears. He accompanies the Earl of Essex as his lieutenant: for he is a true patriot, and seems earnest to make some atonement for the sins of his parents. Let me, sire, bespeak your favor for him, when you meet him in Portugal.”

At this mention of his perfidious cousin, Sebastian felt an emotion long unknown: his blood ran cold, and hastily putting down the letter, he took up that of Gaspar.

Kara Aziek had no attention to bestow on the abject Prior of Crato: she was absorbed in grateful contemplation of the happy prospect before her. Don Emanuel had enumerated so many Spanish and Portuguese nobles, eager to assist in the re-establishment of Sebastian or his

offspring, that it would have been criminal to refuse placing some confidence in their efforts. England, France, and Holland, were on their side, and nothing remained to be concluded, except the signing of a treaty, and the delivery of their mutual pledges.

With these prospects she was not merely consoled, she was inspirited: for the first time since the departure of Blanche her lovely eyes shone with happiness, and she smiled without effort. Her hopes were gay, her joy unclouded; for of the political world and its tumults, she had experienced too little to form a distant idea of its rapid mutations.

Sebastian on the contrary, though he abounded in hope also, formed an instantaneous picture of all the struggles and vicissitudes likely to follow the public proclamation of his claims. The lives, the fortunes, of every one embarked in his cause were now at stake: if Spain should feel in herself the strength adequate to

resistance, she would certainly refuse to yield back the crown of Portugal, at the mere summons of England. War then, must decide it at last; that war which he had hitherto so carefully shunned!

To the painfulness of this reflection he opposed the chief argument of De Castro, which consisted in the horrible oppression of Philip: his extortions and cruelty, daily ruined or maddened some noble Portuguese; he carried their youth to fight against the Netherlands, and since not even personal safety was purchased by submission to his yoke, was it not better to shed their blood in brave resistance?

Aided by other powers, they would contend on equal terms, in point of physical strength: and the force of a powerful sentiment would surely give them superiority in all that related to opinion.

Revived by this reasoning, Sebastian banished the gloom of useless regret, yet he could not cease to occupy himself

with conjecture and anticipation:—his mind was active and anxious, but that activity and that anxiety were full of cheerfulness.

From this day the discourses of Sebastian and Kara Aziek lost their pensive strain: they conversed more frequently together, and the theme they dwelt on was their return to Europe. Time seemed long to them, because they were eager, but it had ceased to be sad.

In these new emotions their former duties were not forgotten: as they anticipated a removal from Cachoeira, its peaceful inhabitants, formed by their care, and dependent on their goodness, became more interesting to them; the Guaymures had claims on their hearts, which neither Sebastian nor Kara Aziek were of a nature to disregard. They now redoubled their solicitude for their welfare; and Sebastian already decided on leaving part of his property in the hands of two respectable Portuguese, who had settled near his

abode : to these men he might safely trust it, as a deposit for the promotion of public works, or as a fund in case of any unexpected calamity by fire.

Months had gone by, and the second appearance of ships from that quarter of the globe where all their interests was centered, was looked for eagerly by Sebastian and Kara Aziek : the ships arrived.

Assured of his daughter's health by seeing her hand writing, and now deeply solicitous to learn the event of the pending negociation, Sebastian transferred her letter to his wife, and opened the packet from Don Emanuel.

It was written immediately after his second return from England ; it was full of joyous expectation, Elizabeth had acceded to all the requests of the King of Portugal ; she was ready to exchange a large subsidy for the person of the Princess Blanche ; her expedition against Spain had sailed, and the moment she

should obtain some advantage there, and have the presumptive heiress of Portugal in her possession, she meant to send and demand of Philip the restitution of her father's kingdom.

De Castro was come back to Sicily for the purpose of securing his brother-in-law's support to the measures of England: by the council of his nobles, Philip might be influenced to resign a crown which he could not keep without their assistance.

Affairs then were at their crisis; or rather that crisis was past, and at this moment, Blanche was either residing in the palace of her ancestors, and accepted as the representative of her father, or dwelling in England, while foreign armies were disputing for her father's rights.

The agitation excited by this idea, was yet fresh in the hearts of Kara'Azick and her Sebastian, when a vessel with dis-



patches to the governor, brought intelligence that Cadiz was taken by the English, that it was suspected they meant to send out a fleet against Spanish America, and that consequently the governor was called on to prepare for obstinate defence.

These news reached Cachoeira by the messenger who brought a letter that had come in the same ship.

The letter was from Gaspar, and but a month later in date than that of De Castro: it was short and afflicting: Don Emanuel was dead. A long and violent fever with which he had been seized soon after his return to Messina, had delayed the departure of Blanche, and had at last terminated the life of her most valuable friend.

De Castro had died in the full belief that Providence favoured the cause of justice and his King; he had died at the brightest moment of their enterprize; he was therefore to be envied perhaps, if

Providence should will a different fate, and ordain disappointment to the allies.

But what a shock was this event ! what a loss ! the grief of Sebastian was as profound as remembrance of De Castro's past services, and dependence on his exertions might be expected to render it : he lamented not only the best of men, but the most zealous of friends. The sinew of his strength was gone ; nay rather, was not De Castro the soul of every project ?

A solemn check was here given to those anticipations which had so lately spread joy through Cachoeira : one blow, taught him who had been stricken by repeated misfortune, to expect another, and while he mourned the companion he loved, he trembled to imagine that new calamities might be in store for himself and others.

Kara Aziek entered into all his feelings ; her daughter, deprived of this faithful protector, whom power and influence rendered more valuable than the humbler



though equally devoted Gaspar, pressed on her heart, and called aloud for succour.

Upon the affection of the Duke and Duchess of Medina, she slightly calculated, (for we do not receive strong impressions by mere description, we must witness attachment, to rely on its existence) Kara Aziek only saw her inexperienced daughter, alone, desolate, and sad, going amongst strangers, to whose honour she must trust for generous treatment.

Distracted, bewildered, unconscious of what to wish or to propose, she fell into a passion of grief which Sebastian understood but too well. He was standing buried in thought: at the sound of her sobs he started, and approaching her to support her, said in a composed tone; "We have indeed lost our best friend, my Aziek! he cannot be replaced. Ought I not to consider his death as the voice of Heaven calling me to abandon this solitude and appear on the scene my-

self? Even in his most sanguine moments De Castro regarded England with suspicion, and knew her to be guided by self-interest: that base principle may as easily lead to her betraying my affairs, as to her advancing them. What then would be the fate of our Blanche? rouse yourself my beloved! we must stand the shock of peril together—my resolution is taken—I quit Brazil.

At these words Kara Aziek flung herself on his bosom with a cry of joy; she had lost sight of every object except her daughter, and contemplating her desolate state, possible danger to her husband was forgotten. “O my Sebastian!” she exclaimed, “let us indeed brave the world united; give me back my child, and then whatever be the destiny awarded us, we shall meet it with courage. Here, our peaceful days are over—long, long have they been over, without Blanche we live on, bereft of our soul.—Shall we ever see her again? O thought too blissful!”

She ceased, overcome with an emotion which Sebastian endeavoured to moderate, by assuring her, that when once they had regained their daughter, no political motive should induce him to resign her a second time.

The letter from Gaspar was again read ; and a long postscript which Sebastian had overlooked in his first consternation, now served to guide him in his plan for the future.

This postscript informed him that Juan (the cousin of Don Emanuel) had set off for England with the intelligence of their loss ; and that the detention of Blanche had been agreed upon amongst them, until Queen Elizabeth should fulfil her promise by sending part of the stipulated subsidy. This caution, together with the length of time which must pass ere Don Juan could return, (in consequence of the secret and circuitous route by which all voyages to an enemy's country were necessarily taken) animated Sebastian to

hope that his daughter had not yet left Sicily, and that he might find her still at Messina.

It was his intention rather to become his own pledge of faith, than to risk the security of his child. Known in Sicily as the orphan ward of Don Emanuel, she had hitherto lived unsuspected, under the protection of his sister: it was true, most people concluded her to be the illegitimate offspring of her reputed guardian, but that conclusion excited no further inquiries, and threatened her with no danger: it was therefore the safest asylum in which affection could place her.

Having formed his resolution, Sebastian lost no time in beginning to act: he settled his arrangements at Cachoeira; he left the largest portion of his remaining property in the hands he had proposed, and preparing his mind for toils and troubles to which it was now disused, he bade an eternal farewell to Brazil.

It was a day of dismal sadness at Ca-

choeira, when its founder departed: the importunate lamentations of his Indians followed him even to St. Salvador; many of them petitioned to go with him, some refused to quit his side till they saw him embarked, others flung themselves into the sea and swam after the ship.

Sebastian had thanks and benedictions for them all: Kara Aziek repaid them with her tears, and affectionate though mournful smiles. She knew they were never to meet again, and her heart ached to think how delusive were the hopes of their return, which each ardent native continued to express, and demanded to have confirmed.

At length the sounds of sorrow no longer reached them from the receding shore, it became more distant every moment, it lessened to a speck, it sunk beneath the horizon! They looked back, and that vast continent was blotted out from their sight: nothing remained but their solitary vessel in the midst of that

solemn and toiling ocean, beyond which they were going to court difficulty and danger.

Their situation was like that of a soul returning a second time into mortal life, after having long reposed on the calm of another world. Kara Aziek doubted whether she should have strength to encounter the cares inseparable from such a change; and Sebastian searched his spirit to discover some of that fire and decisiveness which once predominated in his character, though it had lain dormant at Cachoeira.

Bereft of Don Emanuel De Castro, he felt dependent chiefly on himself: (for Don Juan he remembered merely as a very young lord whose character was not yet developed when they sailed for Africa,) he shuddered to think what might ensue should the Duke of Medina fail him at this awful moment: should he have betrayed the secret of Blanche's birth, her parents might be hastening only to hear that



their innocent child was immured in a Castillian prison; but should he prove faithful, his counsel might in some measure atone for the loss of De Castro.

Sebastian revolved these thoughts with deep attention; for the period was critical, and he was about to play a solemn game that staked his liberty and his life, the safety of his wife and daughter, and the existence of Portugal.

## C H A P. III.

**FILLED** with such agitating interests, neither Kara Aziek nor Sebastian marked the dangers of their voyage: they heard the raging storms without apprehension; mightier storms were threatening from afar, of still-deadlier import, and though they cherished a rational hope of finding the scene less fearful than they dreaded, they felt a presentiment of impending evils.

In something more than three months they reached St. Lucar, whence they immediately took a passage up the Straits, to Messina.

They had re-embarked, and the vessel was under weigh, when a stranger put off in a boat from the shore, and gained the



ship. He had come post from Madrid on some business near St. Lucar, and was now anxious to reach the Venetian gulph where he calculated on obtaining a birth in some vessel proceeding to Venice: his looks were those of a man who has just quitted a scene of confusion: he had indeed left the capital of Castille an hour after its gloomy tyrant had breathed his last.

Philip the second was dead: and as if the whole fabric of her enormous power was shaken by this event, the strangers in Madrid all hurried to convey the news, each to his own country, anxious to proclaim that this was the moment for crushing the despotism of Spain.

Sebastian was sitting alone with Kara Aziek in the cabin they had exclusively engaged for themselves, when the captain suddenly entered, and unconscious of the peculiar interest his passengers had in such a communication, imparted the death of

Philip merely as a piece of news. He then bolted out again, leaving Sebastian transfixed with surprise.

This event was indeed important to him: it was that which would give his confederates every advantage, by affording them the opportunity of falling upon Spain at a moment when her unsettled government could but feebly resist, or would find it policy to comply with their demands: such an event looked like an omen of success.

Amazement had struck both Sebastian and Kara Aziek speechless: they did not hear the concluding sentence of the captain, who had requested leave to send his new passenger into their cabin, as he was of rank, and no other part of the ship was fit for his reception; they were startled therefore to see a stranger of good mien and richly habited, enter their apartment.

The bright flush of their countenances subsided directly, and they turned to-

wards the windows; for Sebastian was anxious to avoid the chance of recognition.

The stranger hesitated; at length closing the door, he advanced and apologized for his intrusion, pleading the necessity occasioned by a violent fall of rain, which drove him from the deck, and obliged him thus to throw himself upon the politeness of others.

The gentleman spoke in Italian, which was evidently his native tongue.

His address was too courteous for Kara Aziek to persist in an appearance of incivility; she turned round, and pronounced with hesitation, the permission he sought.

Sebastian remained as if in thought, with his face to the windows; the stranger sat down: he continued to converse with his fair companion, who listened attentively, since he talked of the event which occupied her thoughts. He spoke eloquently of the atrocious crimes that had disgraced the life of Philip, and hazarded several

acute conjectures upon the changes which his death would produce in the cabinets of Europe. In particular, he described one of the tyrant's most insolent acts to the republic of Venice, and anathematized his iniquitous treatment of Portugal.

At this part of his harangue, Sebastian unconsciously turned round, and fixed an earnest look on the speaker; the latter started, stretched eagerly forward, betrayed signs of doubt and surprize, and for a moment was silent; but he resumed his discourse, on seeing that Sebastian precipitately moved away.

While the Italian continued to speak, he watched every movement of Sebastian: his countenance rapidly expressed the succession of thoughts which this observation excited; suddenly rising he came directly in front of the person he scrutinized. At this action an indignant flush crimsoned Sebastian's features; his look became severe; and the proud majesty with which he stepped back from the

advance of his observer, made the latter pause.

“I mean not to offend, Sir!” said the stranger, respectfully inclining his head, “Gracious Virgin! can it be possible; I know not what to—I dream surely!—so many years!—if I am right in my suspicion, my knee should follow the homage of my mind.”

Sebastian saw that he was discovered, but resolving to retain concealment as long as possible, he gravely replied, “your manners surprise me, sir! I am unconscious of ever having seen you before.”

The stranger still kept his eyes rivetted to the face of Sebastian, but their expression was rather inviting than hostile. “My memory assures me, sir,” he returned, “that I have seen you before: it was in the palace of Santos de Veiel, on the coast of Algarve, where I went on a secret mission from the Venetian Republic, to the young king of Portugal. Many years have gone by since that period, but

I still retain the impression made on me by Don Sebastian's most princely lineaments and gracious presence.—His moderation, justice, and magnanimity in the conduct of state business, I had then an opportunity of observing; his ardent piety was no less my admiration:—and since the fatal year in which he was said to have perished, I have always been one of those who most eagerly listened to the various stories of his re-appearance.—I wish you to know *me* completely, sir: I am Signor Giuseppe Morosini: the name of the noblest house in Venice, is, I trust, a herald of honour:—at this day, my brother holds the first dignity of the republic.”

“Your mien announced your nobility, sir!” replied Sebastian, endeavouring to preserve the repelling coldness with which he awed the vivacity of the Italian: Signor Morosini looked disappointed and embarrassed; this remark did not answer his question, and he feared to repeat it.



“ My enthusiasm transports me too far ;” he said, after a short silence, “ if you are not the personage I imagine ; my discourse must sound like the ravings of a madman, pardon me sir, I have no curiosity ; respect and disinterested zeal, alone dwell in my heart.—I see that I am not understood—or not recollected—or not credited:—I am at a loss what to do.”—

The Venetian stopt, and sitting down, Sebastian perceived that he contrived to let his mantle fall off, and discover below the collar of his ruff, a device of diamonds which fastened it to his vest : this very bauble he remembered having given to the Venetian envoy, at the period mentioned by this stranger. He now examined him attentively ; and as Signor Morosini’s countenance had lost its vivacity, and taken an air of mortification, that expression came nearer to the serious air of a man of business : he began to recollect his features and his figure ; though the former



were extremely darkened, and the latter greatly enlarged since they had met at De Veiel. But still he shrunk from precipitate disclosure, and remained silent.

Kara Aziek, in whom the stranger's first address had awakened a thousand fears, now recovered from that impression, and exchanged an approving glance with Sebastian: she ventured not to speak, and for some time, silence succeeded to the warmth of energetic discourse.

The reflections of Sebastian were fluctuating and troubled: his nature led him to implicit confidence in the protestations of a man of whom he remembered nothing that was not honourable; but experience had taught him to doubt and to investigate, ere he trusted past recal.

Yet in what way should he act? if Signor Giuseppe were permitted to depart under the impression which it was evident he retained, pique at being distrusted, might render him forward to describe the person he had seen, and the surprise that

encounter had caused him. Such conduct must prove destructive of that secrecy, which, for awhile, should belong to Sebastian's intercourse with Spanish subjects: he would be traced to Messina, to the abode of the Duke de Medina Sidonia's wife, and the sacrifice of their whole family might follow the annihilation of his own.

Was it not better therefore, to take a bold step, and rely at once on the honour and truth of this Venetian? his near relationship to the Doge, and the aversion he expressed to the memory of Philip, might be fairly considered as grounds for confidence; and if his favorable remembrance of the Portuguese monarch, inspired him to attempt acquiring for the confederate powers, the assistance of Venice, his friendship must be considered as an important advantage.

These thoughts were agitating her husband, while Kara Aziek tried to support languid conversation with Signor

Morosini: the latter preserved a timid and mortified air, yet now and then he stole an earnest glance towards both his mysterious companions.

Sebastian suddenly approached, and lowering his voice, said, "I would learn from you, noble Venetian, the name of him for whom you take me?"

Signor Giuseppe raised his head, and said frankly, "For Don Sebastian himself."

Sebastian gave no other answer than a gracious smile: the Venetian seized the confession made by this well-remembered smile, and bent his knee to the ground; the King gave him his hand, raised him up, and seated himself by his side.

Signor Morosini, with the vivacity of his country, then began to pour forth expressions of sincere joy, of wonder, of curiosity: he was eager to learn where the King of Portugal could have been concealed so long; and ere Sebastian found voice to reply, had imagined a thousand

fantastic and improbable adventures, which he uttered with more than his usual rapidity.

Sebastian briefly replied, then added, "You find Signor, that I know what is due to the bare word of an honorable man: you have merely assured me that you wish to serve me, and relying on that assurance, I no longer hesitate to employ your friendship in negotiation with the Republic. For my long irresolution at our first meeting, your own sense of discretion will plead: in circumstances like mine, caution is a virtue

Signor Morosini replied with an excess of urbanity: his looks witnessed his words; and the readiness with which he promised to use the utmost diligence and prudence, in his negociation with the Doge and the Senate, forced Sebastian to confess, that his warmest friends were ever those on whom he had no right to calculate.

Kara Aziek had retired to another part of the cabin, and taking up some needle-

work, ventured not to share in a discourse, where every word was of consequence to Sebastian, who alone could know how much to withhold or to confide.

She observed that he never mentioned Blanche, that he prayed leave to postpone telling the whole of his adventures, and that although he spoke of England, France, and Holland, as favourably disposed towards him, he did so in general terms; declining further explanation, until Venice had determined on what course she would pursue.

Signor Giuseppe understood only, that the King of Portugal was going to seek some old friend in Sicily; and solemnly swearing not to confide that secret, even to his brother, he promised to be speedy in dispatching news of success or failure, to Messina.

Thus situated, the vessel brought them to the mouth of the Venetian gulph.

So many ships were proceeding to Venice, that Signor Morosini found no dif-

difficulty in procuring the passage he sought: he renewed his promises of secrecy and devotedness, and getting into a felucca, was soon removed from the vessel of Sebastian.

Filled with unexpected satisfaction by this Providential rencontre, and led to hope complete success, since Philip was snatched from the world, Sebastian discouraged not the expression of Kara Aziek's joyful feelings. He believed that the terror of Philip's name no longer operating to intimidate other sovereigns, past injuries would make them rise to limit the power of his successor, such an event must prove a signal for Portugal to start forward in her own cause: and if at the same time her long-lost monarch should appear at the head of a confederate army, would not his miraculous appearance stimulate them to victory.

It was now that the sun once more shone out over the darkened fate of Sebastian:



how various, how trying had been his lot! but he was becoming accustomed to change; and that equanimity of soul which so peculiarly distinguishes those who have passed through many vicissitudes, was already visible, equally under sunshine or under storms.

Kara Aziek was less philosophic, and more animated; she thought their allotted time of suffering had reached its termination, and fondly anticipating a re-union with her daughter, trusted that after this moment, their destiny must remain bright and secure.

The wind favored her eagerness: their vessel proceeded rapidly, and gained the port of Messina.

The house of Marco Cattizone (a name assumed by Gaspar, who believed it prudent to lull curiosity, by passing for an Italian) was easily discovered: as Sebastian and Kara Aziek approached it, their hearts throbbed with apprehension,



lest they should not find him: if he were gone to England with Blanche, another tedious voyage must be taken.

They had wrapped themselves in large mantles to conceal their figures, without appearing to have studied concealment, and having landed towards night, they reached the house unnoticed. Sebastian knew that Gaspar had married the favorite woman of the Duchess Medina, (by whom this little estate was given as her dowry) he was therefore prepared to act cautiously, when appearing thus unexpectedly before a friend, whose surprise might betray him into indiscretion.

Having learned that Marco Cattizone was at home and alone in his garden, he went with Kara Aziek into a retired room, and desired him to be sent for. In a few moments Gaspar entered: Sebastian and Kara Aziek stood with their faces averted till the servant had closed the door, they then turned round, and Gaspar uttered a cry of joy: the next instant his counte-

nance changed, and he exclaimed, "In the name of God, dearest master, why are you here? this precipitate step"—His looks expressed the apprehension he felt.

Regardless of themselves, the impatient parents only pronounced the name of Blanche. "She is here, blessed be Heaven!" returned Gaspar, "still the care and delight of our good Duchess."

"Does she remember us," exclaimed Kara Aziek, "does she love us as she used to do?"

Gaspar's animated reply drew a flood of joyful tears down the cheeks of the tender mother: lost in delightful anticipations, she listened not to the alternate interrogatories and explanations of Sebastian and his friend; when they spoke of the subject nearest her heart, she was all ear again.

They spoke of Blanche's prolonged stay at Messina.—Gaspar confessed, that after the death of Don Emanuel de Castro,

some wavering conduct on the part of Queen Elizabeth, had rendered him fearful of committing so precious a pledge to her good faith. Elizabeth had taken advantage of their loss, to dictate new terms of alliance, and in her conversation with Father Texere, had stipulated for two of the most important islands belonging to Portugal, in the Atlantic and Indian ocean, to be given her as a compensation for her services, in case Don Sebastian should be restored: the repayment of the subsidy, of course, was not abandoned in her altered articles.

Her avidity, and the ungenerous advantage thus taken of desperate circumstances, had alarmed Gaspar, and disgusted the other adherents of Sebastian: they deemed it right to detain Princess Blanche till the English Queen should come back to her former terms; since once delivered into her possession, the safety of Blanche might be turned by her into an instrument of fresh extortion.

The ultimatum of the confederate nobles had lately been sent to London, and at this period, Don Juan De Castro, (who was the bearer of it) was daily expected to arrive with the decision of Elizabeth.

Intelligence like this must have struck a death-blow to the hopes of Sebastian, had he not possessed a ground of encouragement in the prospect of Venetian aid, and some consolation from the death of him who had trampled on his country: his countenance was undismayed. "Let us not despond, my friend! I have other resources yet.—Providence has not abandoned your King:—our prime enemy is gone to answer for all his crimes against God and man,—Philip of Spain is dead."

Gaspar looked as if doubtful whether he were dreaming or awake, he turned a vacant gaze from Sebastian to Kara Aziek: the former repeated his assertion, briefly adding the source whence his information was derived. That explanation led to a narrative of the adventure with Signor

Morosini; at which Gaspar passed from the extreme of despondency, to the extreme of joy.

All his trouble vanished: he rightly believed that the accession of fresh allies would force Elizabeth into moderation and fidelity; and that Philip III. unwilling to strain the nerves of an infant government, and eager to regain those friends which his gloomy predecessor had spurned from him, might yield with a good grace to the mediation of so many princes, and restore the crown of Portugal.

Relieved from the torture of contemplating future disasters, he now considered the arrival of his sovereign, as an alarum to raise the spirits and confirm the loyalty of his adherents; and no longer apprehensive for his personal security, he delivered himself up to the gratifications of friendship.

Only the remembrance of De Castro, the generous De Castro, saddened this

meeting: his activity and virtues were sincerely eulogised : his last hours were described by Gaspar; and many were the tears which then embalmed his memory.

The distance of villa Rosolia, obliged Kara Aziek to resign the expectation of embracing her daughter before the next day. Gaspar dwelt at Messina for the convenience of receiving and forwarding dispatches beyond sea; and Kara Aziek divined, that as his wife still retained her situation about the person of the Duchess, he had formed the connection chiefly that he might visit the villa unnoticed by the other domestics; thus preserving his intercourse with the Duke, and his interest in Blanche undiscovered.

Villa Rosolia was two leagues off, but Gaspar deemed it expedient to dispatch a messenger with a letter to Blanche under cover to his wife, informing her of the arrival of her parents, and preparing her to receive them on the ensuing day.



The return of this messenger brought a letter from Blanche written in the overflowings of filial joy: she named an early hour for receiving her parents on the morrow, when she hoped they were to meet never to part again.

Parental emotions banished sleep from the pillow of Kara Aziek and Sebastian: their night was spent in conversation about her, upon whom hung all their domestic happiness. Would they find her still the same artless and admirable creature they had parted with in Brazil! would the same beautiful countenance present itself unchanged to their partial sight?

A multitude of natural doubts and fears moderated their joy, but increased their impatience, and they rose soon, to commence their short journey to Rosolia.

Gaspar had the self-denial to remain behind, lest his appearance in familiar society with the visitors of the Duchess Medina, should excite curiosity in her household.



The hired carriage which conveyed them from Messina, was not long of bringing them to the gate of the villa. At beholding that house which contained her child, Kara Aziek's emotion was heightened to painfulness: she turned pale, grew faint, and alighting from the carriage, tottered into a hall, almost unconscious of existence.

Having paused a little to recover herself, a servant led them into an unoccupied apartment, where they were immediately joined by their daughter.—She came alone.

At her entrance, both parents stretched out their arms towards her, without having power to advance; they scarcely saw the beautiful young creature who sprung to their embrace with the bloom of a *Hebé*, and a sensibility which covered her glowing cheeks with tears: they knew it was their child; for her voice vibrated in well-remembered sweetness on their ear. They blessed, they embraced, they wept

over her ; they murmured out their gratitude to Heaven ; and lost to every thing else, thought only that they were indeed met to part no more.

When this mutual transport had a little subsided, they were able to look attentively on Blanche : it was not her extreme beauty (though she was lovelier than any "mortal mixture of earth's mould") that elevated and delighted their hearts ; it was the expression which made that beauty beautiful to them. Her eyes still beamed the tenderness and sweetness of her mother, her brow yet announced the energy and heroism of her father : her manner was still simple and modest ; her words the language of unperverted truth.

The mutual details of this happy family may be easily imagined : they consisted on the part of the parents in the repetition of what they had already repeated to Gaspar ; and on the side of Blanche, in accounts of her habits of life, and such interesting

anecdotes of her protectress as were connected with them.

She informed her father that the Duke had been sent for express the evening before, on the death of Philip II. and ere Sebastian reached Messina, had gone for Spain with his only son Don Hyppolito, in order to appear at the first council of their new sovereign. This circumstance, though it robbed Sebastian of that Nobleman's advice, was yet to be considered as replete with advantages, since in quality of counsellor to the new monarch, he might add his influence to the Portuguese party, when England and the other allies should openly proclaim in his favor.

Eager to introduce her protectress, Blanche now hastened away for that purpose; she returned, preceded by the Duchess.

Her resemblance to Don Emanuel deeply affected Sebastian, he kissed her hand in silence, and as he lifted up his

head again, the Duchess saw that tears were on his cheek ; interpreting their cause, she too, turned aside to hide rising emotion.

It is only a half-sorrow which seeks to display itself : true grief, like true virtue, courts the shade.

Not a heart there, but was full of De Castro's memory, yet not a lip trusted itself to breathe his name.

The conversation flowed less on the past, than the future. Sebastian found that the Duchess possessed an acute and penetrating mind : she had entered into all the views of her brother and husband ; and though the latter had never consented to act in rebellion against his own lawful sovereign, he was forward to avow his abhorrence of usurpation, and to prove it, by entering his protest against a detention of the Portuguese crown, should Philip refuse to resign it on the appearance of Sebastian.

She stated these principles with perfect

candour, professing no more in her husband's name, than she knew him earnest to perform. She offered Sebastian the protection of her house, and the use of the revenues attached to it; for the family of Medina Sidonia was the richest in Spain, and this Sicilian estate made but a small part of their wealth.

Impressed by her generous conduct, both Sebastian and Kara Aziek renewed those protestations of eternal gratitude which they had first uttered, while acknowledging all they owed to her for her maternal care of their daughter, but they neither required nor accepted any additional favors beyond that of shelter for awhile.

Happy were the days that now flowed away at the villa Rosolia; in the enjoyment of life's most hallowed affections, the parents and the child refused to allow any moment of their time to distracting cares; they were all absorbed in each other.

Gaspar might be said to hover over their

domestic circle ; for his spirit was always with them, though their inequality of rank rendered the discretion of distant respect an act of necessity. At some periods however, this restraint was amply compensated. Innocent stratagems were devised by which he had opportunities of conversing whole hours with his noble friends ; and though his wife was not entrusted with the secret of Blanche's connexion with these extraordinary strangers, she knew them to be his former master and mistress, and wondered not at their graciousness to her husband.

Letters from Spain and Venice changed the calm aspect of villa Rosolia.—Medina Sidonia wrote, that he found the new King well-inclined to lighten the burthens which his predecessor had imposed on the Portuguese, nay, that he was aware of the danger of driving them to despair, and the policy of conciliation ; and that he had listened with attention to Medina's suggestion of placing at the head of their government their first noble, the Duke of



Braganza. This suggestion had been hazarded to try Philip's pulse, and from the moderation with which he received it, Medina sanguinely concluded, that he would not attempt retaining the crown when the legitimate owner was proved to be living.

Signor Morosini's packet contained more substantial good fortune: it accompanied an invitation from the Doge, for Don Sebastian to repair immediately to Venice, where he promised (on certain conditions, advantageous for the republic, and not inimical to the interests of Portugal) to protect him against Spain, to procure the assistance of other Italian states, and if supported by England and France, to take up arms in his cause.

Among the motives for gratitude to Don Sebastian which the Venetian republic felt and acknowledged, was a very considerable loan of money which she had borrowed at a time of imminent want, and which she had not since been able to return. Sebastian had cancelled the debt;



and he now received this forwardness to assert his rights, as an honourable proof that political virtue had not abandoned the world.

A list of illustrious names was subscribed to this letter: he well remembered many of their signatures, that had been inscribed on official papers at the period alluded to, and no longer doubting either the sincerity or the success of Signor Morosini, he once more gave the reins to his sanguine nature, and believed himself justified in trusting to the honor of the Venetians.

This seemed the crisis of his fate, the hour that was to determine whether Portugal should be emancipated, or doomed to eternal slavery. The bold act of suddenly claiming his rights from the bosom of an independent state, would fix the wavering inclinations of France and England; Holland had never retracted her good faith; and thus supported, Sebastian believed himself called on to resolve decisively.

It was important for him to secure the friendly offices of some powerful personage in his own dominions, and to whom could he look with such certainty, as to his kinsman the duke of Braganza?

This nobleman was that Theodosius, Duke of Barcelos, who at eleven years old had borne a royal standard over the field of Alcazar: he was now the only representative of their ancient house. To him, (as one dear to his recollection, and well acquainted with his hand-writing) Sebastian intended to address a confidential letter, informing him of his existence, and of his determination to repair immediately to Venice, whence he should send a summons to Philip for the restoration of his dominions.

Gaspar eagerly offered to become the bearer of this important dispatch, fearful that any messenger less aware of its momentous nature, might fail of delivering it, or loiter on his way. Gaspar's long absence from Portugal persuaded him that his person would be worn out of the

memory of all but his most familiar associates, and to none of them, except his sisters, was his return from Barbary known. Besides the motive of duty, he pleaded his wish of once more beholding his relations, and to the force of such a plea rather than to his reasoning, Sebastian reluctantly conceded the permission he sought.

The letter for Braganza was given to Gaspar, who prepared for instant departure from Messina.

“This is a time of joy, honored Sire!” exclaimed he, as he knelt to receive the parting benediction of his master, “why then that serious and almost sad look? I go with such a glow of hope in this heart of mine, that it convinces me Providence ordains Gaspar Ribeiro to be one of the favored instruments in the great event we anticipate. Give me a farewell smile, my beloved liege! or I shall fear you doubt my discretion.”

Sebastian gave the smile which his faith-

ful servant solicited, but his heart smiled not, for the recollection of De Castro's death came over him, and he shuddered to think that even of this friend also accident might deprive him.

The departure of Gaspar was followed by preparations for that of Sebastian: his resolution was taken; and not even the fantastic fears of Kara Aziek (whose courage failed her when the moment drew near in which they must wholly depend on the sincerity of Venice) could make him shrink from the bold experiment he was about to hazard.

"Better to sink at once," he said to himself, "than to continue thus struggling for life, in a stormy ocean of perpetual vicissitudes: the most precious things are not precious, unless held with a security of possession. I will lose or I will gain all!"

This determination, as it rather endangered his own security, than involved that of others, was equally the effect of

reason as of feeling: he was no longer able to dwell in obscurity, since half Europe knew of his existence, and should he let this favorable crisis escape him, Spain would have time to win away his adherents, and might finally end by extirpating him and his race.

Again, therefore, must he repose his only child on the affection of the Duchess Medina Sidonia. Adopted by her, and known but as the offspring of Don Emanuel De Castro, should Providence ordain her parents to perish or to fail, she might pursue her blameless life in retirement, striving to forget that she had ever dreamed of power or of distinction.

Kara Aziek felt the urgency of this reasoning too strongly not to acquiesce in its decision: the safety of Blanche was far dearer to her than her own gratification; but the lover of her youth, the tender friend and long-endearred companion of her maturity, had claims on her

heart which not even her child could weaken.

“ I share thy fate, my Sebastian !” she said, as he spoke to her of remaining in Sicily, “ time has not changed thy Azięk’s soul : dost thou believe her less thine, or more capable of outliving thy loss, than when she drooped for thee to the tomb in Africa ?—Ah, know her still !”

“ I do, I do know thee still !” exclaimed Sebastian, with an overflowing heart,—“ and it is only my anxious care for thy safety, that makes me apprehend any danger where I expect none for myself. We go then, together, My Azięk ! May the Almighty grant that this may be the last, the decisive struggle !”

## CHAP. IV.

PROSPEROUS as were the views before them, Sebastian and Kara Aziek did not leave their Blanche a second time without a trying conflict; but they left her in the hands of another mother, and a short voyage wafted them into scenes of most momentous interest.

Signor Morosini received them at his mansion in Venice, with a vivacity of joy: and the Doge evinced his respect, by paying the homage of a first visit to his illustrious suppliant.

In this interview the terms of their future alliance were specified and fixed, and the mode of their proceedings settled. Morosini was appointed to repair immediately to Madrid, with a formal notifica-



tion to Philip III. of his royal relation's existence, he was to assert the identity of Don Sebastian, and to demand the restitution of Portugal; should Philip hesitate, he was then empowered to announce the Republic's intention to maintain the rights of their ancient ally. Armed with the assurance of aid from England, France, and the Low Countries, the Venetians feared not to embark in a cause so ably supported; a sense of recent injuries from the proud house of Austria, contributed to inflame their zeal.

On the day of Morosini's departure from Venice, messengers were sent off for all the different courts in Europe, calling on them to assist in replacing a brother-monarch. Sebastian wrote with his own hand to Queen Elizabeth and to Essex, requiring the former to abate her hard conditions, and to accept any other guarantee for his fidelity to the engagements she exacted, than his only child.

While these agents were rapidly passing

to and fro, the King of Portugal remained in the house of Morosini, not yet formally declared before the senate, (because Morosini's presence would be necessary for his acknowledgment,) but in private implicitly trusted, and honorably attended by every senator.

The protestant powers had already replied favorably to the letters of Sebastian, and dispatched their representative to the court of Madrid, testifying their conviction of his identity, and making his restoration the basis of a general peace: no decisive answer was yet come from that court.

Morosini wrote, that Philip, and his ministers of course, rested their delay on the question of identity; and willing to consider Sebastian as an impostor, were then endeavouring to find him so: he advised an instant appeal to the Pontiff of Rome, whose investigation of the truth or falsehood of this wonderful event would be guided by pious motives alone,

therefore to his decision the King of Spain must submit.

At this suggestion, Sebastian felt called upon to reveal his bosom principles; after explicitly detailing them, and pledging his solemn oath never to let them interfere with his conduct in public affairs, he declared his resolution to live and to die a Protestant, whether as a King or as a fugitive. He abjured the authority of Rome, protesting his willingness to meet the scrutiny of the Pope in common with other temporal Princes, but never to consider him as his superior in spiritual things.

Here was a stay to the forward zeal of Venice! the Doge receded with terrified precipitancy at this unforeseen avowal, and the reply of Morosini was full of dismay and persuasion!

Clouds began once more to gather over the fortunes of Sebastian; his warmest Italian friends avoided his society, or em-

ployed their zeal only in vain arguments to induce him to recant those doctrines which they deemed abominable, and which they dared not pollute themselves by hearing !

The Pope's legate finding exhortations and promises totally useless, at length pronounced the sentence of reprobation in his master's name ; and threatened the inhabitants of Venice with excommunication if they continued to uphold him, whom he proclaimed to be a devil, or a magician, assuming the form of the really deceased Sebastian.

Morosini returned from Madrid: his manner was changed, his zeal extinct. Of a character eagerly open to new impressions, which by their vivacity deceived the observer into a belief of their durability, he had been fascinated by the insinuating graces of Philip III. and suddenly chilled by the discovery of Don Sebastian's altered sentiments on the most important of subjects.

Philip had address enough to perceive the unsubstantial character he had to deal with; he affected to lament the affronts offered to Venice, he promised ample reparation, and by the most studied attentions to Morosini, flattered his vanity, and lighted up a transient flame of enthusiasm in his inflammable breast.

Morosini yet wavered between the romantic interest which a fugitive King excited, and the vain exultation inspired by a young and prosperous monarch's caresses, when the Pope's bull fell like a thunderbolt between him and the fortunes of the former, and severed him from them for ever.

He now met Sebastian with confusion and restraint: his discourse was full of abstruse dogmas and church threatenings; he eulogized the unshakable, yet unpersecuting spirit with which Philip III. possessed the faith of Rome; and he reluctantly confessed, that unless the King of Portugal would consent to acknowledge the supre-

macy of the Papal See, and to accept his crown on her conditions, the Senate of Venice could not openly proclaim, or secretly support him.

“What then!” exclaimed Sebastian, with some of his former impetuosity, “do you maintain the impious doctrine that man is more powerful than God? what human hand dare bar my hand to that throne on which the divine hand had placed me at the hour of my birth? Your birth-right is your patrimonial house, your noble name, your rank in the republic—mine is the throne of Portugal and the Indies; and now, by the blessing of God, I will perish ere I renounce it. When Kings are prosperous, then do you make them Gods; when they are in adversity, you reduce them below humanity: what manner of justice is this? Who shall say that aught but crimes can deprive a common individual of his lawful inheritance? and are Princes to be more hardly dealt



with than their subjects?—shame on such base conclusions.”

“It is a crime, Sir, to abandon the only true faith, and adopt the creed of heretics.” Morosini spoke with a ruffled though hesitating voice. “I dare not league my soul with any Prince who professes enmity to the church of Peter. If this were a mere political matter, we should not scrutinize the opinions of an ally, but it is a question of conscience. Can the Catholic republic of Venice consistently with its character, assist in taking the crown of Portugal from the head of a pious King, to place it on that of an apostate?”

Sebastian gave him a lightning glance of proud indignation, but quelling the sudden emotion as it arose, he said deliberately,

“The republic of Venice knows that my sentiments are in direct opposition to all persecution: that liberty of conscience which I claim for myself, I am ready to



grant to others. Man cannot answer for man, at the last dread day ; beware then, how you yield up your soul to the authority of a mortal like yourself !—I disclaim all power over the spiritual part of my subjects : they are responsible to God, not to their King, for those religious tenets from which their good or evil actions proceed. When I return to Portugal I return to obey and to execute the laws ; to provide for the political prosperity of my people ; to endeavour at forwarding their moral improvement by my example ; and to live in amity with all nations who acknowledge one obligation to worship one creator, and to obey the one law of virtue that he has placed in every heart : further, than this, I exact of no man ; different portions of reason and different habits, will produce, to the end of time ; different degrees in the scale of religious advancement.

“ Morosini, you now know my sentiments ; which I solemnly take Heaven to

witness are faithfully delivered to you. If your republic will continue to support a man of such sentiments in his just claim, I pledge myself for eternal gratitude: if not, I condemn her not; I lament her slavery to that anti-christian authority which once fettered myself, and I will depart in peace."

"Not so, Sir!" said Morosini, changing colour, and in a hurried voice, for shame was at his heart. "The republic is under the painful necessity of detaining you until our most holy father the Pope has signified his pleasure respecting her conduct."

Sebastian was transfixed by this reply; the blood recoiled upon his heart, and he stood some moments incapable of speech; then advancing and fixing a stern look on Signor Giuseppe, he said,

"On the faith of the whole republic, not merely on the word of him who proffered friendship unasked, did I come hither: eternal infamy will light on that

republic if they suffer a hair of this head to fall. Beware how you damn yourselves to posterity by this unheard of treachery."

"What treachery, does Don Sebastian injuriously apprehend?" asked Giuseppe, endeavouring to look tranquil.

"That which lays upon the surface of your own words: was the reply—"you return from the court of him who has fallen heir to my usurped dominions, with a determination to make the fulfilment of your hasty promises depend upon my renunciation of those principles, which still believing, I dare not abjure. You cannot dispute the identity which your own eyes and lips have acknowledged, therefore, (seduced into Philip's interest,) you take refuge under papal authority, and will deliver me up to imprisonment or to death, at the ordination of Rome."

Morosini appeared indignant at the supposition: indeed his mind was not yet made up to any decision; and though fanaticism had taken alarm at the obstinate

heresy of his former idol, he was far from lending a willing assent to an act of violence.

“ I am cruelly situated :” he exclaimed, at length, and the facile tears stood in his eyes—“ remember, Don Sebastian, that at the period I swore to serve you unto death, I knew not that you were otherwise than a son of the church: since then you have undeceived me; and that difference of opinion on matters of conscience which you have yourself established, obliges me to stifle the pleadings of my ardent prejudice in your favor, and to place my future conduct at the disposal of my spiritual director. In this instance I am only the organ of the republic; it is she, who waits the result of her message to Rome: till that arrives, your majesty must condescend still to consider this house as your own. You command here, as the guest of Giuseppe Morosini.”

Sebastian turned towards the Italian with a strong expression of disgust at his now-offensive courteousness: his blood

boiled: but quickly subsiding, he repeated with a smile of contempt a short quotation from the Poet of England.

“ Note this, good Sirs !

When zeal begins to sicken and decay,

It useth an enforced ceremony.”

“ Morosini !” he added, (and he spoke sternly, and with an air of majesty) “ I must be spared in future this mockery of respect.

You cannot feel it, if you sincerely believe me reprobate of Heaven ; and if you do not believe me so, this abandonment of my cause either from interest or from fear, renders you despicable in the eyes of an honest and a brave man. Leave me, Sir ! I remain then, your prisoner—but I have friends without these walls who may with God’s blessing shake them to their centre ; yea, the foundations of your city itself.”

Sebastian turned away as he concluded, and Morosini abruptly retired.

Sebastian was still too ingenuous for the

world he lived in: the moment that roused his feelings or inflamed his passions, laid his whole heart open: that mantle of reserve, in which long efforts had taught him to wrap himself, was instantly discarded, and he shewed himself to his adversary, with all his weaknesses and all his strength.

Fatal was his present sincerity: Morosini left him, mortified, humiliated, and enraged; one hour's discourse had made him his determined foe.

When Kara Aziek rejoined her husband, she saw in his perturbed looks the herald of disagreeable tidings: her first thought was of Blanche, and she pronounced her name. Sebastian quieted this natural fear, and then, conscious that it is vain to think of concealing evils which we know must endure for a certain period, he proceeded to tell her the nature of his interview with Morosini.

She was prepared for disappointment, but not for an actual misfortune; and at



the intimation of their being prisoners in Venice, the blood forsook her cheeks. Her rapid imagination instantly created a thousand frightful images, which were indeed too likely to be realized: she sat cold and speechless as a statue, while Sebastian, tenderly enumerating the motives to courage under this evil, exhorted her not only to confidence in the exertions of their friends, but to confidence in heaven.

Kara Aziek, with streaming eyes, did indeed look only to that heaven for succour: but dark and intricate are the ways of Providence, and who dare assure themselves that what they dread most, is not destined to form part of those trials by which their souls are to be disciplined for a purer being? She despaired not, but she ventured not to expect; scarcely did she hope.

Sebastian's courage rose in proportion to the peril with which he was threat-



ened, and in seeking to tranquillize her he loved, he re-assured himself.

Resolute to assert his freedom, and not tamely to bend his neck to the yoke imposed, he addressed a short note to the Doge and Senate, requiring their immediate answer to his question, of whether they sanctioned the words of Signor Morosini, and demanding permission to leave their territory, in case they declined fulfilling their former engagements.

This letter was answered by a request that he would attend the council of senators at midnight.

At the hour appointed, Sebastian got into the gondola of the Doge, which was sent for his conveyance : it conveyed him not to the senate-house, but to the state-prison.

Morosini's private resentment had co-operated with his ambition, his interest, and his dread of excommunication : he alone of the Venetians knew the person

of Don Sebastian, and upon his professing to believe that he had been imposed upon by the extreme likeness and great address of an impostor, the senate took alarm, readily seized this opportunity of abandoning a man whom the Pope anathematized, and for whose detention Philip had recently offered them the most tempting advantages, and precipitately determined on committing him to prison.

When Sebastian found himself thus betrayed, his fortitude transiently forsook him, and his limbs shook under him; it seemed as if he had seen the last of all he loved: but quickly recovering, he turned to the governor of the place, and said calmly—

“ I demand the consolation of my wife’s society. Tell your senate, that I charge them, as they are men sensible to human affection, that they separate us not! as they deal with me now, so will I requite them hereafter: for let them not believe that they may corrupt the justice of Heaven.”

Signor Valdorno bowed and obeyed, and after a long absence, re-appeared with Kara Aziek.

Left alone with her husband in an apartment, which though commodious, was still part of a prison, Kara Aziek looked round her with an air of distraction: her eyes were wild and tearless, her hands burning as she clasped those of Sebastian. "Here then, we are to die!" she exclaimed, "or here we are to live, buried from our child!"

She fell senseless on his breast as she spoke, and lost for awhile all consciousness of their misfortune. Her recovery was followed by tears and incessant sighs, that pierced the heart of Sebastian: he sought to comfort her, but every delusive expression faltered on his tongue, and at length he remained silent, hopeless of success.

The silent and deep sadness of him who was still the dearest object of her love, made Kara Aziek sensible to the

cruelty of indulging her own sorrow : she checked her sobs, she wiped away her tears, and firmly striving to resign herself to her fate, she rose from his supporting arms.

“ We have not yet lost all ! ” she cried, “ since we retain each other ! for that greatest of mercies, O may I be properly thankful ! pardon your Aziek my Sebastian, she is herself again.”

Sebastian embraced her without speaking, for now tenderness subdued him, and his words were suffocated. The remainder of their night was spent in mutual attempts at animating the courage of each other, and in secret aspirations to the only source of real fortitude.

When the governor appeared on the morrow, to make a courteous offer of any service he might venture to bestow, Sebastian charged him with a second message to the senate, demanding the reason of this outrageous treatment, and calling on them to remember the respect due to

the Lord's anointed. He had to learn that the senate of Venice no longer acknowledged his claim to such a title.

Morosini's moral apostacy had given them all a plausible pretext for violating the law of hospitality in the person of their dubious guest. If he were indeed an impostor, no crowned head would resent their treatment of him, no individual blame it: without having recourse to the plea of religion, (which might embroil them with potentates professing the same faith with their victim) they might surely detain and punish him as a deceiver.

Most of the lords believed Morosini's assertion, (who had nearly persuaded himself to believe it also) that an extreme likeness had misled him, together with some circumstances which accident might have brought to the knowledge of the pretended King, but that in their last interview, these were rendered of no importance, since the incredible difference between

the religion of the true and the false Sebastian, was a decisive proof of his imposture.

Many Venetians doubted this explanation; but they were spell-bound by spiritual terrors, and were willing to let events take their course.

Both parties united in outwardly discrediting his identity, and to that effect they answered his message.

“Since they have taken their stand on this vain ground,” cried Sebastian to the governor, “my hour of triumph is at hand. Your senate dare not have the boldness or injustice to deny bringing me to the proof. I demand to be seen of the Portuguese: I am anxious to court the scrutiny of those who have known me from infancy to manhood. There are personal marks about most men which may certify them to others: my body is remarkable for them: let me be seen by those now living that have served about my person! I challenge your republic to



produce me before the world. I invite the amplest investigation: if they find me not what I maintain myself, Sebastian the King of Portugal, let my head be smitten off—carry this message, sir, to the Doge.”

Fluctuating, and fearful, and interested, the Doge and his counsellors were ill-disposed to grant the fair demands of him they were betraying: the threats of Rome, and the persuasions of Spain, could not induce them to deliver up Sebastian to certain destruction; but they temporized and qualified, and by detaining the object of Philip's alarm till he should gain time to win over Sebastian's friends to his views, they hoped to obtain the dazzling favors he promised, and to avert the curses denounced by the descendant of Peter.

Morosini already reaped the fruit of his infidelity: he was caressed by the new monarch of Spain, and gratified with the distinction of being admitted into the order of its grandees: he was in short become the secret spy of Philip.



No reply was vouchsafed to the frequent messages of the injured King, and as time wore away, his amazed mind began to admit the horrid thought that Kara Aziek's prophecy was indeed true, and that they were doomed to finish their days in imprisonment together.

But what were become of his friends, and of those princes who had entered into a compact for his sake? they had not abandoned him.

No sooner did the news of this atrocious act meet the different agents of Sebastian on their arrival at Venice, where they had hastened to see and acknowledge him, than they importuned the senate for permission to visit him in his prison, in order to satisfy themselves whether it was or was not their lawful King.

The senate were deaf to their intreaties, and again De Castro, Texere, and Don Christopher of Crato, hastened back to England, Holland, and France, to procure

the interference of these powers with the republic, for a sight of him who proclaimed himself their sovereign.

The Duke of Medina Sidonia vehemently urged at the court of Castille, his abhorrence of the perfidy and injustice of the Venetians, calling on his monarch to assert the honour of Spain, by disavowing such conduct, and proceeding to an open investigation of the stranger's story.

The Duke of Braganza dispatched his late mother's confessor, the Father Sampayo, with a written deposition of the person and natural marks of Don Sebastian, taken from the testimony of his foster-brother and his servants, requiring the republic to compare that description with her prisoner.

These various exertions were now making in favour of him, who remote from all intelligence, remained a prey to every species of misery. The fate of these friends themselves, and of his innocent daughter, began to alarm his fears, and

the possibility of being torn from his wife and child, filled him with dismay.

He was sitting one wintry night, (listening to the hollow wind that swept in gusts over the Adriatic) now looking towards the chamber where Aziek had sunk into a short slumber, now fixing his eyes in sad abstraction on the ground, when the door opened, and Signor Valdorno the governor appeared, followed by a person in the dress of a monk.

“This holy man’s importunities have made me hazard my office to give you comfort, sir,” said Valdorno, speaking low—your interview shall be private—I will return in an hour.”

The governor closed the door, which he fastened on the outside again, and then departed.

Sebastian had risen up: he looked earnestly towards the monk, who was standing with his eyes fixed as wistfully upon him. Sebastian looked to find the

features of Gaspar beneath this disguise ; but he saw only an aged and care-worn visage, over which a few tears began slowly to trickle.

“ So changed ! so very much changed ! ” said the old man in a feeble voice after a long silence, “ yet noble and princely still ! Can twenty years, then, make such havoc in manly beauty ! speak to me, Sir ! let me be sure it is my lord and master Don Sebastian ; on whose head I laid these withered hands in benediction at the house of the Duchess Braganza, on the day of his embarkation for Africa. Speak to me, Sir—let me hear your voice ! ”

“ Sampayo ! good father Sampayo ! ” exclaimed Sebastian, falling on his neck, and melting into weakness, “ do you live to seek me ? has your old age been spared only to find your master thus ? ”

Sampayo wrung his hands in transport, “ It is, it is my King ! ” he exclaimed,

while essaying to bend his trembling knee, Sebastian stayed him on his arm. "Not so, good father! but our time is short; say whence you come, and from whom! know you aught of my friend Juan De Castro—and of him the most faithful, most dear, whom I sent to my kinsman in Portugal?"

"I am but just come from Lisbon: replied Sampayo, looking down and lowering his voice; "your kinsman the Duke of Braganza has sent me, on his representations, to ascertain your identity: denied admittance to you by the senate, I have procured admittance through the humanity of your gaoler; I go now, to re-urge the Duke's request to the republic for your Majesty to be publicly compared with a written testimonial of your person, which I carry. Despair not, Sire! you still live in the hearts of the Portuguese, and you have zealous friends. England, France, Holland, openly demand of Ve-

nice, the satisfaction of bringing your truth or falsehood to the proof. I lament the sad change in your religion; but you are my dear lord and master still."

The old man shed tears as he spoke, and devoutly crossing himself, repeated an inward prayer for the soul of him he believed seduced into error.

Sebastian's countenance brightened: "All is not lost then!" he exclaimed, "the path is rugged and hard to climb, Sampayo! but I shall gain the summit at last. Yet talk to me of my friend! where is he? why stays he from me at the time of my extremest need?"

Sampayo was silent: his care-worn countenance altered visibly, and appalled Sebastian: the latter fixed a look on him, as if he would have dived into his soul. "Why stays he?" he repeated hastily; still Sampayo replied not, and the frightful silence which followed, was first broken by the King.



“ In the name of God, father ! answer my question.”

Sampayo looked sorrowfully up, and said in a trembling voice, “ Ours is a chequered life, dear master ! grief and gladness, gain and loss are so woven together, that—

“ No preparations father !” cried the King, grasping his arm with a wild sternness, “ what have I to learn ?—that some horrible misfortune has befallen my last friend ?—that I am bereft of him also ?”

“ Yours is the misfortune, Sire ! his, the blessing :” returned Sampayo, “ he is gone to everlasting joy.”

The blow was too sudden to be borne : Sebastian uttered a dismal cry, and fell suddenly to the ground.

At the sound of his voice, Kara Aziek awoke, and starting up, ran into the apartment : She beheld her husband seemingly lifeless, lying at the feet of a very aged man, whose shaking hands were feebly essaying to lift him up. She sprang to—



wards them, she raised Sebastian in her arms, and slackening the collar of his doublet, sprinkled his face with water: her cares were all employed for him, but her mind was full of alarm for her daughter, and she incoherently questioned the stranger about her alone.

Sampayo's answers convinced her that he knew not of whom she spoke: and now her fears took a new direction, and she believed him a messenger of death to her husband.

At this moment Sebastian opened his eyes; he turned them from her in search of Sampayo, with a look of unutterable grief; then raised and fixed them upon Heaven.

Kara Aziek's faltering voice could with difficulty intreat an explanation of the scene before her: Sampayo briefly repeated it. For a more vital wound, her imagination had so far prepared her, that she received this without that acuteness of anguish which otherwise must have as-

saulted her sensibility ; she merely sunk down upon a seat, pale, speechless, and awe-struck.

Sebastian leaned against the wall of the chamber, with his head bent down, unconsciously knocking his hand against his heart, with a violent motion that shewed how intolerable was the pain he felt there. "Half my life is gone!" he said, after a long and doleful silence, "he was the dearest of my friends, for we had suffered together ; he lived only in me, doubtless he died for!"

At this thought a burst of tenderness forced the passage from his heart, and covered his face with tears: Kara Aziek and father Sampayo wept with him. Several times Sebastian attempted to inquire the particulars of his loss, and as often did a passion of sorrow sweep the words away.

It was now Kara Aziek's part to interpose herself between him and affliction: she tenderly besought him to retire into

the room she had quitted, while she learned from father Sampayo those circumstances which he could not hear without fresh emotion. Sebastian hastened to comply; for he was no longer master of himself, and his grief increased rather than subsided.

While he ran to hide his lamentations in solitude, father Sampayo proceeded to detail the mournful event of which it was his fate to be made the messenger.

“ My royal master is already informed of the noble Braganza’s favourable reception of his confidential agent. Convinced by the hand-writing of Don Sebastian, and by several anecdotes of the Braganza family, which Gaspar Ribeiro repeated, the Duke lent all his authority to the mission of your friend, he permitted him to use his name in every attempt to disseminate a spirit of inquiry on this important subject through our countrymen. Gaspar had succeeded to a marvel: aided by one Lopez Vernara (an old inn-keeper,

who testified to the return of Don Sebastian, though he knew not at the time the royal guest he was harbouring,) he drew crowds to follow him, calling aloud for their lawful King.

About this period the Venetian proclamation of Don Sebastian's existence, and their remonstrance with Spain, followed by those of other powerful states, was known in Portugal: this circumstance substantiating Gaspar's assertions, caused such tumults of joy amongst the people, that the Marquis Castel Rodrigo, who now governs Portugal as viceroy, took alarm, and commanded the noble Braganza to deliver up the man who had originally excited this commotion.

Braganza refused: he told Castel Rodrigo, that on the truth or falsehood of Gaspar's report his reward or punishment might depend: he was willing to pledge himself for the accused's appearance, on the event of the examination at Venice: when if the stranger there, who called

himself their royal kinsman, were shewn to be an impostor, this agent of his should be delivered up to the will of Spain: till then, (believing his story) he should maintain his liberty against the whole force of Spanish power.

To this brave answer the Marquis replied, by commanding the Duke to attend him in private, with the person he protected, for the sake of hearing his strange story. Braganza went: and leaving his armed escort in the hall of the palace, ascended with Gaspar to the audience chamber.

Pardon me dear Lady! let me breathe awhile! I am old and soon overcome, and there are some events one cannot recal without sorrow."

Father Sampayo paused to rest himself; while Kara Aziek, pale with anxiety, and trembling with anticipated horror, waited all ear to catch his renewed discourse. It was many minutes ere he had strength to resume.

“Time will not permit me to enter minutely into the scene which followed: the two nobles met avowedly to examine Gaspar’s evidence without prejudice. Castel Rodrigo had professed moderation; but in proportion to his conviction of the truth of what he wished to disbelieve, his anger rose: he reviled Gaspar; and finding Braganza resolute to protect his liberty with the lives and liberties of his adherents, he lost all command of himself, called the Duke an ambitious traitor, and aimed a blow at his person.

The intrepid Gaspar saved my honored master from such disgrace: he sprung forward, and with a sudden grasp, arrested the arm of the viceroy; but his own hour was come: Rodrigo nimbly drew forth a dagger with his other hand, and plunged it into the heart of Gaspar. He fell, exclaiming, “Commend me to my dear lord! I die as I have wished—in his cause.”

At this part of his narrative Sampayo stopt again; and Kara Aziek, drowned in



tears covered her face, and faintly motioned him not to continue. Removed from the sight of Sebastian, whose grief would have been heightened by hers, she felt privileged to give a loose to those feelings of regret, admiration, gratitude, and affection, which the conduct and the memory of Gaspar excited.

Her ill-suppressed sobs were not unheard by Sebastian: but he had the resolution to remove further from the door of his apartment, sensible, that at a moment like this, he could not bear any addition to his pains.

After a dreary interval of silence, Kara Aziek said tremulously, "Died he indeed, happy, good father; how would this calamity be sweetened to us, if we dare believe that Gaspar left the world with hope and comfort at his heart."

"The triumphant smile which sat on his pale lips," replied Sampayo, "assures me that he did so: that smile was still there, when his lifeless body was conveyed to the



Braganza palace, for mourning and honourable interment.

“The brutal Marquis, satisfied with the death of his victim, opposed not this act of my lord’s; and the lowly Gaspar Ribeiro now lies by the side of noble dust: he sleeps in the vault of the Braganzas.”

“Ah what avails it!” exclaimed Kara Aziek, weeping afresh, “empty tribute to the best and noblest of human beings! Honours cannot recal him to us.”

“Yet evincing the esteem of others, they may soothe his nearer friends.” Replied Sampayo. “I have brought with me a relic of remembrance, a lock of his hair: my royal master may one day love to look on it.”

Kara Aziek averted her head as she stretched out her trembling hand to receive the sad memorial: she ventured not to look at it, even while pressing it to her lips and to her closed eyelids. Moistened by increasing tears, she placed the relic in her breast.

A step was now heard approaching: "It is the governor," cried Sampayo, "farewel, dearest lady, I may not see my dear sovereign again: tell him I go to solicit afresh—bid him be of good cheer—so monstrous an act must arm all Europe against Spain and the Republic." Sampayo had but just time to salute the hem of her garment, when Signor Valdorno appeared, and led him from the apartment.

## C H A P. V.

SEBASTIAN did not suffer Kara Aziek to remain alone: he rejoined her with an air of desolation, which though profound, was composed. "I am now prepared to hear all that relates to my dear friend: tell me Aziek, how is he lost to us?"

Kara Aziek answered, with quivering lips, and the narrative she repeated, once more subdued the fortitude of Sebastian. What love, what grief was in his heart while he listened to the death-scene of him, whose whole life had been devoted to his fortunes!

The visit of father Sampayo, and the event of his mission, could not abstract his thoughts a single moment from the

memory of Gaspar. But Kara Aziek, in whom every new event excited a new apprehension, felt a tumultuous trouble of soul, to which no reasoning could give rest.

Her daughter's situation (of which she was ignorant) tortured her with fear: Alas! what were the feelings of that affectionate child? and how were they to learn whether the unexpected misfortune of her parents, had not driven her to distraction? Since perfidy or inconstancy had shewn itself in the character of Morosini, who should say that the Duke of Medina Sisonia would continue his perilous protection to Blanche, and stand the scrutiny which might follow the present inquiries of Spain?

Should Medina fail them, Blanche must fall a hopeless victim into the hands of their enemy: and should the influence of the confederates produce no effect on Venetian cowardice, her parents might too probably share her wretched fate.

How sad was the prospect! treachery and alarm were succeeding to enthusiasm and boldness: one by one, their firmest and dearest friends were torn from them; and Kara Aziek looked at Sebastian with an expression of piercing pain, as she thought for a moment, that ere a little while, they might possess only each other in the world.

Times of rousing anxiety, times in which our fortunes, our comforts, nay, our very existence, stand on the fate of a moment, are not the periods in which the soul surrenders itself to lamentation: but frequently when solicitude for one object is united with regret for another, we yield to a gloomy sadness, that tinctures every thing with the same hue, and renders the sufferer inaccessible to one cheering emotion.

Aziek and Sebastian indulged not in sorrow, though it might be said to embue their whole being: they tacitly agreed to give their private hours to the memory of

him they lamented, and when together, to converse but on such topics as might benefit them by consultation.

Signor Valdorno's indulgence tempted Aziek to suggest a 'hope, that by his connivance they might escape from Venice, and she eagerly gave it utterance.

Sebastian returned a glance of surprize and concern: "What, my beloved!" he exclaimed, "would you have me the assassin of my own honour? To fly, would be to avow myself the impostor they would willingly prove me: no—I am resolved to wait the scrutiny I will never cease demanding. If they suffer me to wear out my days in this obscurity, posterity will do me justice, and own that I must have been the true King of Portugal: but if I basely fly, history will rank me with those miserable madmen who usurped my name, and perished in their folly. Trust still in Heaven, my Aziek; my soul is anchored there."

His eyes raised and filled with virtuous



confidence, infused some of their own energy into those of Kara Aziek; she smiled through tears, and the glow which spread over her face, assured him that their feelings were in unison.

Meanwhile the good Sampayo hastened to renew his solicitations to the Doge and senators: the rank and character of his master would not permit the Venetians to hazard refusing him admittance to their council. He was admitted, together with Juan De Castro and Father Texere, who came to present remonstrances from England and France.

Having briefly stated their request, Sampayo concluded thus.

“ My lords ! I neither assert nor deny the identity of this man, who proclaims himself Don Sebastian of Portugal ; I merely come from his noble kinsman, to ascertain his truth or to detect his falsehood. I come provided with a minute description of the person and bodily marks of Don Sebastian ; all of which were

deposed to by his foster-brother and his confidential servant, now dwelling at Lisbon: I come accompanied by divers persons, all well acquainted with various minute circumstances, upon which they are ready to question him publicly, so to establish or to disprove his assertions.

“ Believe you not, my lords, that it is important for the Portuguese to discover the truth of this man? think you that we are eager to place ourselves under the dominion of a low-born impostor? think you that the Duke of Braganza would resign his pretension to the succession, (in case of failure in the Spanish line) to any other than to the real Don Sebastian? no, my lords! we are actuated solely by respect for the memory of him whom we have so long lamented. Examine this person, try him before your senate in the face of Europe, or expect to have the whole world filled with outcries against your perfidy and injustice. You can no otherwise efface the shame of your pre-

sent bold conduct than by proving the guilt of him you detain. You say he is an impostor ; in the name of God then, hasten to make it appear ; and tell your new friend Philip III. that even his stern predecessor dealt not thus with the pretended Sebastians of his less settled day."

"Your holy office protects you, father!" observed the Castillian ambassador, as Sampayo concluded, "or this licence of speech would surely draw down on you the resentment of the republic: let that sacred character remind you of your duty. Is it a priest of the Romish church who thus advocates the cause of an heretic? be he, or be he not the true Sebastian, he is an apostate, and an alien from the protection of heaven, and we dare not stir a step in so solemn a crisis, without the directing hand of our august oracle the Pope.

"Beware how you draw the lightning of the consistory upon your heads—I speak to you both, Sampayo and Texere—

for both of you tread on the precincts of spiritual rebellion."

"Our sins be on ourselves!" said Texere, with an undaunted air, "neither of us will shrink from an honest defence, when it is needful to make it: now, it is for your illustrious prisoner that we speak, not for our own principles. First admit his story to a fair hearing and investigation, after that pronounce on his character; punish him as an impostor, or as the King of Portugal, let our sacred superior exhort him to reconciliation with the church.

While the Portuguese are ready to receive their King, without insisting on his abjuration of certain private opinions, he is King of Portugal still."

"What abominable doctrine is this!" exclaimed the ambassador, "is it a son of the church, that dares proclaim the *Vox Populi, Vox Dei*? but I forget myself—the speaker is Francisco Joseph Texere, a fellow hanging between the

heaven and hell of truth and error ; one that has not yet decided whether he is to adhere to the rock of St. Peter, or to follow the standard of Martin Luther. I have heard of his residence in England, his attention to her new theories, and the heretical books which he has published, I am not surprized therefore, to see him abet the cause of an impostor, or at least an apostate !”

Texere frowned severely, and disregarding the speaker further, resumed his address to the senate : good father Sampayo suffered some tears to trickle down his aged cheeks.

“ It is our well-beloved monarch whom we would support,” he said mildly, “ justice and loyalty demand such conduct at our hands ; and christian charity should teach us to hope, that when restored to his throne, and placed again within the reach of spiritual instruction, his pious soul will retrace its steps, and return to the bosom of the true faith !”

“ We are bound to act solely by the Pope’s direction;” gravely observed the Doge, “ if you may obtain his holiness’s permission to hold converse with this mysterious personage, the republic will cheerfully add her consent—till then, he remains unseen by any one. This is our answer; you may withdraw.”

Texere and Sampayo quitted the assembly, and retiring with their Portuguese friends who waited them without, proceeded to consultation upon their future movements.

It was deemed expedient for one of them to repair immediately to Rome; and as father Sampayo’s orthodoxy and ghostly life had never been impeached, the choice fell upon him. Careless of his age and infirmities, he departed on the instant, and the remainder of the Portuguese lingered in Venice to wait the event, to continue their importunities, and to invite all such persons as remembered the figure of Don Sebastian to join in demanding permission to see and to peruse him.



The long interval of time which elapsed between this period and that in which the different travellers met again, was spent in torturing anxiety by Kara Aziek and Sebastian. Bereft of their faithfulest friend, the devoted Gaspar, no one remained to share their hearts with each other, but their far distant Blanche: yet of her, they dared not inquire.

Experience had taught them suspicion of all around them; and since the very existence of Blanche was a secret between England and the late Don Emanuel De Castro's family, they blest his prudence, and resolved to perish with anxiety, rather than betray their child into danger.

To believe her ignorant of their changed fortune, was to imagine an impossibility: the interruption of their correspondence alone, would arouse her inquiries, and those inquiries must lead to explanation. How then, was she suffering? and how would her tender nature enable her to live

through months, perhaps years of constant apprehension?

These thoughts preyed upon each; yet neither of them gave utterance to their sorrow. Sebastian never permitted himself to lament any other misfortune than that of knowing himself the prime cause of so much misery to the woman he loved; and Kara Aziek, afflicted by this self-reproach, became solicitous to prove that her sorrows were not yet so insupportable as he believed.

Mutually endeared by these mutual sacrifices, their prison still enclosed two hearts that felt not a diminution of love; and even their bitterest hours were sweetened by the fond glance of approval, the tender smile of gratitude.

Signor Valdorno witnessed this dignified and true attachment with feelings that did him honour; and though strict in the performance of his duty, his manners were full of respectful pity, and his communications on the events without, as expla-

natory as he dared hazard. It was from him that Sebastian at length drew an account of the various exertions which were still making by his friends; and at this information his hopes revived.

The fitful day of his fate might yet change! so many vicissitudes had already marked its progress, that he deemed it impious to despair; and themore so, while allowed to retain those precious objects of his soul, without whom, no destiny could bestow happiness.

In the midst of reviving hope, father Sampayo returned from Rome with the Pope's order to the Senate of Venice for an immediate and private interview with their prisoner.

A bright sunbeam shone through the window of Sebastian's chamber, on the face of old Sampayo, as he entered where Sebastian and Kara Aziek sat expecting him; a brighter beam, for it emanated from a comforted heart, was there also.

Sebastian ran forward to welcome him;

Sampayo whispered a benediction, and dropt a joyful tear over the hand of Kara Aziek, as he feebly grasped it within his. "This is a happy or a sad hour to me, as my Liege shall chuse to make it! said Sampayo, slowly seating his exhausted frame. "I come back charged with an important mission: the fate of this dear lady, your own fate, honored Sire! the lives and comforts of millions are now in your hands, a single word will destroy or save all."

Kara Aziek looked on him with an anxiety which suspended her breath and her pulsation: Sebastian already guessed the mission of Sampayo: "Say on!" he cried, with a steady voice, "I am prepared to hear you with attention and singleness of heart.—It is of God and our conscience, that we are about to speak."

There was something so impressive in the tone of his last words, and so much of truth and dignity on his brow, that father Sampayo's looks took an impression of still

deeper interest, and dropping on his knees, the old man raised his hoary head and withered hands towards him, while earnestly repeating.

“ Ere I begin my mission, let me, Sire ! charge you on my knees, to put from you all obstinate prejudice, all proud presumption—all vain desire of men’s praises for a seeming contempt of temporal things ! avow conviction and repentance if they touch your heart, and be content to suffer a short odium from heretics, for the sake of your eternal salvation, and for the worldly prosperity of Portugal. Let the example of the pious Henry of France sustain your courage. I am come to invite you back to the arms of our indulgent father ; he empowers me to exhort and to instruct you. If my humble endeavours may avail, he promises to command every catholic Prince to concur in demanding the restitution of Portugal : so must Philip yield up the crown, and your sceptre pass into your royal hand in peace.

No sword will be drawn, no blood shed, no families divided by civil dispute, no fortunes ruined. Europe will behold the long-exiled Sebastian calmly retake his seat amongst her monarchs, and universal gladness will follow."

Sampayo stopt, and Sebastian raised him kindly from the ground; but the lofty smile with which he did so, answered the fearful inquiry of Kara Aziek's eyes: that smile spoke to her of a heavenly crown, not a temporal one, and half-raised, half-sunk her trembling spirit. She seated herself near her husband, while he placed himself in an attitude of attention, requesting the venerable priest to continue his discourse.

All that zeal, and affection, and ability, can inspire in support of a weak cause, was urged by father Sampayo: sincerely professing the doctrines of Rome, he understood and explained them better than any other man, but his explanations were unsatisfactory, his reasonings barred by



mysteries ; he talked eloquently, but he talked in vain, for he convinced not his hearers.

After frequent pauses, and as frequent renewals of the important theme, his powers were exhausted, and he awaited the reply of Sebastian. The latter gave him a long look, full of gratitude and esteem, and pressing the hand of Kara Aziek as it rested trembling on his, he thus addressed him.

“ It is not my aim to change or to disturb the opinions of one who stands on the brink of time, and whose holy life, and sincerity, though in error, may redeem his creed : I have but to assure you father, on the solemn word of an accountable man, that my heart has not yet been shaken, nor my understanding momentarily enlightened by a single argument adduced in support of papal Christianity. I feel and I believe that the reformed religion of Luther approaches much nearer to the pure doctrines of our blessed R.

deemer, and as such I will profess it unto death.

“ If the recovery of my rights is to depend upon my abjuration of my principles, I may say at once, “ My kingdom is not of this world.” Father! I fear not the censure of men, I court not their applause; but the voice of God and of my conscience resounds from the depths of this heart, warning me not to betray my everlasting soul for a perishable honour.”

He now turned his softened eyes upon his wife, and went on. “ I presume not to read the decrees of Providence; whatever be the cup presented me by the divine hand, shall we not drink it my Aziek? aye, drink it together!—Does not thy virtuous spirit make the same covenant with that of him who has known no joy on earth without thee, and almost fears there would be none for him in heaven if he had not thee to share it.”

Aziek replied in whispered sighs upon her bosom, where she threw herself, op-

pressed to agony: she exulted in the magnanimity of her Sebastian; she shared his ardours, but she foresaw the price that must be paid for the immortal crown he preferred to that of earth, and some human weakness enfeebled without subduing her.

Sebastian knew her thoughts, and prized her heroism the more, from seeing the tenderness with which it had to struggle. Father Sampayo was plunged in sorrow; his arguments were now succeeded by lamentations and entreaties; he wept, he prayed, but his tears only served to make Sebastian regret without altering his resolution.

Day passed unheeded in this painful contest, till at length the confessor was obliged to quit the prison. "This hope then is over," he said, preparing to withdraw, "your obstinacy, sire, is to be the signal for our great superior's pronouncing you once more an impostor, and excommunicating all who appear in your

defence. He persists in declaring that the true Don Sebastian was the elect of God, and could not fall into such accursed heresy. I have now no further hopes; all rests on the good offices of your protestant allies. May the blessed virgin and the saints intercede for your darkened soul! may a miracle restore you! perhaps these aged eyes will never more behold you till we wake together in—another world.”—The good man’s voice faltered as he uttered the last words, for he dared not say in Paradise, since he addressed a heretic.

Sebastian bent his knee to receive his benediction, and Kara Aziek partook in the affecting farewell. Sampayo embraced and blessed them together, then hastened out of the apartment.

The past scene would have dwelt long on their hearts, had not the father, as he departed, drawn a packet from his vest, and put it into the hand of Aziek; the writing was unknown to her, but opening

it, she glanced over these words : “ A confidential servant of the Duchess Medina Sidonia has ventured to entrust the enclosed to father Sampayo ; he has been long in Venice anxiously seeking some safe method of transmitting it according to his instructions.”

Every shew of composure and self-command vanished at this moment from the countenances of Kara Aziek and Sebastian ; they tore open the letter, they ran over it together with swelling hearts and frequent exclamations of joy ; its contents were indeed balm to their tortured minds.

The Duchess wrote to assure them of her inviolable fidelity to the secret of their daughter's birth, and to promise her continued protection to the amiable girl through any change of fortune ; she told them that Blanche's real parents had never yet been guessed at even by Paula, the wife of Gaspar, for whose infant son the Duke of Braganza had sent into Sicily,

proclaiming his intention of repaying to the child the timely service of his father.

Renewed vows of friendship, repeated exhortations to hope and patience, and trust in Providence, concluded the letter of the Duchess ; that of Blanche, though filled with expressions of filial sorrow and love, happily convinced her parents that she knew not the worst of their destiny, but was encouraged to hope beyond probability or present prospect.

Sweet were the tears that now stole down the cheeks of these illustrious sufferers ! they beheld the writing of their child, they believed her out of the reach of their misfortunes, and their misfortunes ceased to afflict or to affright them.

The consolation afforded by this unforeseen blessing, together with the inward satisfaction of having sacrificed interest to principle, spread a cheering light through their hitherto dreary prison, they were comforted and revived ; and patient in joy as in sorrow, they cheerfully re-



signed themselves to await the good time of heaven.

While all within the prison was peace, all without was confusion and indecision ; every day messages and noble persons arrived from different states, to know the fate of the extraordinary man whom the Portuguese called their King. The friends of Sebastian zealously disseminated their belief of his identity ; the partizans of Philip and of Rome as hotly proclaimed his falsehood. Venice herself knew not how to act ; she began to tremble for the consequences of her rash union with Spain, and to listen with troubled attention to the remonstrances of France, England, and the States-General. The city was now crowded with foreigners of various ranks and ages, daily besieging the Senate with alternate reproach and solicitation.

In the midst of this tumult, Don Christopher of Crato, arrived from the court of London with a threatening letter from the English Queen. She demanded a

public trial of the pretended impostor, menacing Venice and Spain with immediate destruction if they refused compliance. The terror of a British fleet decided the irresolution of the Venetians, and summoning a full senate, they consented to hear their royal prisoner.

It was in vain that the Portuguese lords prayed permission to be present at this examination, in order to compare him with their own recollection of the unfortunate Sebastian. The Seigniory alleged that the Portuguese were all too desirous of believing the impostor to give an impartial testimony, and that by questioning him on the events of his life, they were more certain to detect him in contradictions.

Venice yet feared and hoped much from Philip, whose ambassador alternately threatened and caressed her; and armed with assertions which Morosini's communications enabled him to fulminate, he now made one of the assembly, proudly

pronouncing himself the umpire, since he had frequently seen the real Don Sebastian in his palace of Ribera.

It was midnight, and cold December, when Valdorno came to conduct Sebastian into the presence of the senators: Sebastian wished never more to lose sight of Kara Aziek, and with an air of high authority that would not be denied, he persisted in making her his companion.

A solemn expectancy sat on the faces of the numerous senators who with the Doge, habited in their most imposing habits, formed a semi-circle in the grand hall of the senate-house. One massy branch of lights threw a sullen gleam over the more sullen crowd: no sound was heard amongst them, as the great doors were opened, and Don Sebastian appeared, advancing between Kara Aziek and Signor Valdorno. He paused when he had passed the threshold, and cast an undaunted look around the hall.

The King of Portugal was now at that

period of life, when manly beauty assumes a character of majesty, and awes rather than wins: the bright colours of youth were no longer on his cheek, nor its luxuriant fulness on his limbs, but his countenance was splendid still, for the fire of his eyes was unextinguished. He looked

“ Not less

Than archangel ruined.”

By his side stood the gentle Aziek, with loveliness faded, not obliterated; graces so lightly touched by the hand of time, and so interestingly mixed with looks of unresisting sweetness, that she appeared born to contrast the severe dignity of Sebastian. But there was a modest nobleness in her air that seemed as if love had copied the object beloved, and made her worthy of it.

At the first sight of these august sufferers, murmurs of shame and admiration ran through the assembly. Sebastian advanced to the Castilian ambassador, whom his eagle glance had singled out, and

stopping before him, said in a high voice, "Here is one that should know me. Sir! whom say you I am?"

The Spaniard who had half-discredited, half-believed the existence of Don Sebastian, now amazed into perfect conviction, turned pale, and the acknowledgment was bursting from his lips, when recollecting himself, he turned aside, and said coldly, "I know you not."

"We have sent for you, Stranger! interrupted the Doge, as he saw Sebastian hastening to speak, "not to question others, but to answer for yourself, we are met here, without prejudice or partiality, to decide between you and the most Christian King Philip III. of Spain, Portugal, and the Indies. I charge you answer truly to the questions that shall be put to you."

As an honest man desirous to have his truth apparent to all the world, I am ready to answer you; replied Sebastian, "I will forget awhile that I am a King—

aye Lords! a King: (he added, seeing them look strangely at each other,) there are some amongst you that know I am so. Woe unto them, sons of Judas! have they not betrayed me with the kiss of friendship?"

Signor Morosini drew back at this expression, and averted his head; the Doge proceeded to speak.

"How comes it, that you have thus long suffered the kingdom of Portugal to be enjoyed by the sovereigns of Spain, if confident that you were its lawful possessor?"

"Because I had not any direct promise of support from other Princes, and abhorred the thought of plunging my people into war."

"Where have you passed the long period of twenty years which has elapsed since the battle of Alcazar? and how comes it that you are the husband of a Moorish woman?"

"Part of that period has been spent in



Barbary, part in Persia, the remainder in Brazil. You ask me how it comes that I am the husband of a Moorish woman, I answer, because I loved her, I owed her eternal gratitude, and she deserved both sentiments."

"What say you to the well-known fact of Don Sebastian's body having been found in a suit of green armour on the field of Alcazar?"

"I reply, that it was the body of some other person. Near the cave of Abensallah, a Moorish hermit, who dwelt among the mountains of Benzeroel, my armour will be found buried under a plane tree: the royal insignia are on it; since Spain and Morocco are at peace, I challenge you to have it sought for."

"How comes it, that having passed this long period, first in Mahometan countries, and lastly in a Catholic one, that you should profess doctrines known only to a few miserable European states?"

"I was instructed in them by the Moorish

proselyte of an English slave ; I heard, and examined, and believed."

"Enough!" exclaimed the Doge, "now hear what you are said to be. A Calabrian impostor: we have inquired, and heard of a strange person bearing the name of Marco Tullo Cattizone, who abode some time at Messina, and him thou art. This woman is—I know not what;—thy lawful wife is the servant of the Duchess Medina Sidonia, and is now in this city ready to swear to thee as her husband."

"Peace!" exclaimed Sebastian, with a voice of thunder, and throwing his arm round Kara Aziek with a look of protection. At that moment his eye caught Morosini's, and the tide of resentment turned: it was evident that he was the informer, since after their first meeting, Sebastian had directed Guiseppe to address his letters to Cattizone at Messina, and doubtless having supposed that he bore that name, they had confounded him with Gaspar, and discovering his wife, who

concluding him to be her husband, without intending to abet falsehood, was beguiled into doing so.

Sebastian briefly stated these circumstances, adding, "of his evidence I am deprived by the most cruel misfortune; my faithful follower is no more; but his dying words attest my truth, and the noble Braganza is prepared to repeat them. Let this woman you speak of, be brought hither; she will quickly acknowledge that I am not her husband. If I am a Calabrian, bring forward those who know my birth and lineage.--You have state papers signed by Don Sebastian's name, compare these signatures with my hand writing now. Question me on the secret articles of our various negociations; if you find me falter in my answers, then brand me with imposture. Let my person be compared with the description of Don Sebastian's: shew me to my Portuguese, they will know the voice and the features of their King, though time and sorrow

have marked me with their heaviest print: if my own people deny me, then let disgrace and death light on me and mine."

Sebastian concluded, and seeing that his last words had taken the colour from Kara Aziek's cheek, he gave her such a smile as might in calmer times have transported her to fall upon his neck in an ecstasy of delight: but now, it redoubled her anguish, by heightening her love, and she remained wildly gazing on the men who had the fate of her husband in their hands.

A sharp debate ensued amongst the Venetians. Some, moved by the interesting softness of Kara Aziek, were forward to espouse the cause of her husband, insisting on the equity of complying with his demands. Some, awed into admiration of Sebastian, feared to maintain the assertion of his imposture, but excused their conduct on the plea of his apostacy: others, denounced him in the same breath as an impostor, an apostate, a magician,

calling for his instant delivery into the hands of Rome, or of the Inquisition. All questioned him with perplexing varieties of inquiries, which he compelled himself to satisfy.

The Castillian grew clamorous ; and at each convincing explanation, called out, " He is an impious sorcerer !"

But the senate, though far from unanimously believing this superstitious assertion of their ally's envoy, were too much afraid of papal power, and of protestant indignation, to take a decisive part on either side: they deemed it best to steer the middle course, and getting rid of Sebastian without providing for his protection, leave him to his fate in the midst of Philip's adherents. er

They commanded their prisoner to withdraw, and leave them to deliberate on the nature of the decision they were about to pronounce. Sebastian retired with Kara Aziek.

In a vacant anti-chamber, attended only by Signor Valdorno, whom respectful pity kept silent, they sat awaiting the moment of their recal. The tumult of sharp debate still reached them from the senate hall: at each noisy burst, the blood retreated yet further into the heart of Kara Aziek; her lips, her cheeks, her very eyes were pale: violent tremblings alone gave to her death-like figure any semblance of life. She sat with one hand closely grasping that of Sebastian, who continued in low and tender tones to chide such apprehension.

He felt the King in his breast, and he could not conceive the possibility of being doomed to leave the world denied and despoiled.

At length a person appeared at the door, Sebastian arose, but Kara Aziek hung on his arm unable to raise her sinking frame. That moment was come in which their fate was to be pronounced!



Scarcely could Valdorno support her on his stronger arm, as they followed Sebastian into the council room.

The Doge was standing.—“Stranger!” he said, “he to whom you applied for acknowledgment of your bold pretensions, the ambassador of our noble ally, Philip of Spain, solemnly assures us, that your features are unknown to him: we may not therefore, examine you further: to do so, would be to insult the honour of a great sovereign, in the person of his representative. We leave you at liberty to seek other investigation: and as we acknowledge no other King of Portugal, besides Philip III. of Spain, we command him who usurps that title, to depart this city within three days, on pain of perpetual imprisonment.”

The Doge reseated himself, and with a shriek of joy, Kara Aziek fell lifeless at the feet of her husband. Signor Valdorno hastened to raise her in his arms: Sebastian cast on her a look of sad

tenderness, but attempted not to remove her from Valdorno. He turned to the assembly, and viewing them with an undaunted and indignant air, that struck conviction of his royal dignity to every soul, he said aloud, "Once more I tell you, I am Sebastian King of Portugal. I go, with God's help, to prove this assertion on the war-fields of my country, since thus he wills it."

He vouchsafed no glance to Morosini, but passing his arm round Kara Aziek, with Valdorno's aid, carried her forth. A gondola was provided for their conveyance to the lodgings of Don Juan De Castro: Kara Aziek recovered her senses at the movement of the boat, and then so many powerful emotions (joy relapsing into fear, gratitude suddenly checked by remembrance of former evils, love for her husband, and indignation at his false friends) shook her frame, that she evidently trembled on the verge of death and madness.

Sebastian succeeded in beseeching her to let this agitation subside, ere she mixed in a scene likely to increase it still more ; it was long past midnight, and as they entered De Castro's house, he resigned her into the care of a female domestic, whom they encountered in the hall, desiring her to conduct the exhausted lady to a place where she might take rest.

Having disposed of her who demanded all his care, Sebastian preceded the courteous Valdorno into a saloon filled with a numerous concourse of friends and strangers, and glaringly lighted. He advanced with his usual kingly port into the centre of them, and stopped there without speaking : Don Juan De Castro fell back amazed at the figure he saw before him.

De Castro retained the vivid image of a young and smiling warrior, gallantly attired, bright with health, and happiness, and conscious power ; he now saw a man in the autumn of life, negligently ha-

bited, darkened by foreign suns, wasted with many cares, dimmed by long experience of this world's uncertainty and emptiness. He scarcely knew how to trust his sight: but as Sebastian, observing his trouble, and conjecturing its cause, mournfully smiled, Juan precipitated himself at his feet, exclaiming, "My King, my King!"

That well-remembered smile was decisive: at the same instant, several other persons cast themselves on the ground, proclaiming the person they beheld, to be their King.

Eyes, that had never wept before, now flowed in sympathy with the Portuguese and their persecuted sovereign: Sebastian's full heart overflowed at every side; and calling each friend by their name, he turned from one to the other, alternately embracing and raising them to his bosom.

When they were standing around him, he cast a look over the circle, and seeing them variously habited, most of them

in disguises, which were assumed for the purpose of dispatch on their different missions) some in the fashion of France, some in that of England, some in that of Holland, others as pilgrims, a few as mendicants; he smiled pensively again, and said with a heavy sigh, "So many sorts!"—

The sad grace with which he spoke, once more touched every heart, and renewing their exclamations, the Portuguese crowded about him to kiss his hands and his garments.

Amongst this groupe he distinguished the Fathers Texere and Sampayo, De Brito, who had last seen him on the field of Alcazar, when they fought together in defence of the royal standard, Mascaranhas, his favorite attendant, and a tall fair young man, whose countenance was peculiar from its expression.

Sebastian fixed his eyes on this last, with extreme earnestness; the colour fluctuated on the young man's cheek;

“Is it not a kinsman I behold in you, young sir !” he said kindly, “Don Christopher of Crato, I think.”

Don Christopher answered by a painful blush ; Sebastian resumed, and his heart yearned towards him as he spoke, “You resemble your father in complexion; God grant you grace to resemble your grandfather in deeds.”

“The infant Don Louis is the only parent I wish to remember,” replied Don Christopher, dropping his eyes, while a deeper dye covered his face.

Sebastian’s eyes were still rivetted on him ; for now he recalled that dreadful hour, when he had seen this young man a child in the cradle at Xabregas, and remembered anguish seized him with a transient pang. “Where is his father !” he whispered to Don Juan. “He is dead, my liege, at Florence.” Sebastian gave a sigh to their former attachment, then turning with animation to those around, said—



“ Which of you will compare this wreck of Sebastian, with what the proud vessel was, in her day of brave appointment? Care may have furrowed this once smooth brow, but nothing could obliterate these well known marks.” As he spoke, he lifted aside his hair, and shewed a deep scar above the right eyebrow, which had been caused in his earliest youth, by an accident in hunting.

“ Here De Brito ! is the memorial of a wound you saw me receive, on the most fatal of days,” and bending his head, he displayed another large cut above the forehead itself. “ This body is flesh, not iron, on which a man may grave what he pleases, yet these marks are accidental ; what I am about to shew, were imprinted on me by the hand of nature.”

He now pushed down his cloak, and baring one shoulder, discovered on the exceedingly white skin, a singular mole resembling a dark seal or coin : at the same time he extricated his left foot from

its sandal, and shewed another curious mark, well remembered by all his familiar associates.

At these convincing evidences, those who secretly wavered between doubt and belief, uttered a cry of gladness, and again the tumultuous murmurs of joy and sorrow (for how could such recognition be made otherwise ?) ran through the crowd.

While the King was answering the many questions which followed this complete conviction, and thanking the surrounding strangers for their generous sympathy, Father Texere came forward, leading in his hand a monk in the vigour of life, tall and commanding, on whose acute brow were stamped energy and ability: "Sire!" he said, "suffer me to claim your notice for this excellent person, who of all men present, has sacrificed the most for your sake: it is now some months since he added his powerful support to our party."

“ What is he, good Texere? to whom stand I indebted for the zeal you will find me warm to acknowledge?”

“ To Father Chrysostom, the most distinguished follower of our holy Faith. He lately filled the office of almoner and confessor to the Viceroy of Portugal, but struck by the recital of your story by Gaspar Ribeiro, and indignant at that atrocious act which brought Ribeiro to the grave, he abandoned his high situation, resigned the revenues and honours granted him by the Marquis Castel Rodrigo, and having travelled through these countries at the peril of his life, boldly declaring your existence wherever he went, and rousing the people to demand their King, he has reached Venice, and become the most zealous for your Majesty's enlargement.

“ On his eloquence we depend for reconciling his holiness to your espousal of the new doctrines. Father Chrysostom is

unimpeachable in his own profession, and what he sanctions, no devout catholic may venture to question. Sampayo and myself fail of surmounting the religious prejudice which opposes you, Sire! for they accuse me of being a Lutheran in my heart, and Sampayo of being too little careful for the salvation of others.

“ Deign then to accept the services of Father Chrysostom, and to admit him into the number of your chosen servants.”

Sebastian extended his hand towards the lofty-looking Chrysostom, who received it with respect, and the calm aspect of a man that is actuated rather by reflection and principle, than by any enthusiastic impulse. His thoughtful looks, his temperate words, his unimpassioned manner, when connected with the knowledge of his ardent actions, made Sebastian muse on the contrast between this sacrificing friend and the selfish Morosini.

How different, thought he, look truth

and falsehood; or rather, how different does a steady and an unstable character express the same feelings!

When Sebastian had urged many inquiries to Chrysostom respecting the Braganza family, and the situation of Portugal, some of the Portuguese would have learned from him the particulars of his own exile, but sadness shaded his countenance, and praying them to forbear awhile, since the relation of his adventures must painfully revive the memory of early error, he proceeded to learn the state of his affairs at foreign courts, fixing on fit operations for the future.

The unsettled posture of Holland forbade him to seek that asylum there, which he purposed seeking somewhere; (an asylum was necessary to rest in till Portugal should proclaim him, and his allies fulfil their engagements of furnishing him with men and money.) England was beginning to dread a change, for Essex was

fallen into disgrace, Elizabeth, grown so capricious with age and jealousy, that she changed her humour every hour, and no longer listened to the solicitations for Don Sebastian, since her favourite was not nigh to urge them. France was the only country that opened her arms to the fugitive.

The King, deeply interested in depressing the house of Austria, and convinced of Sebastian's identity, from the representations of others, had empowered Don Christopher to offer the persecuted monarch an honourable asylum. It was to his court that Sebastian resolved to direct his steps: while he hastened thither to join the army which Henry offered to raise, [if swelled by succours from any other Prince ;] Sampayo and his companions were to return into Portugal, and proclaim their sovereign; Braganza was to seize on the national fleet and the treasury: two acts less difficult than they appeared, owing to the devotion of the



sailors to Don Sebastian's memory, and the extreme weakness of the Spanish garrisons.

Sebastian reckoned not on Castillian assistance; he did not even permit himself to name his friends of Medina Sidonia; for he justly concluded, that although he might trust implicitly where his own safety alone was implicated, he should rigidly abstain from all imprudence when it might endanger another.

He found that the Duke of Medina Sidonia had been suspected of having favoured his cause, and had been strictly sifted by the minister of Philip; but as no proof appeared of his knowing the stranger in any other character than that of a Portuguese from Brazil, to whom his wife had shewn attention out of regard to her brother's memory, he was dismissed with nothing more than a severe warning.

Upon this information Sebastian remarked in such terms that no one present guessed him at all in correspondence with

Medina; and restraining his anxiety to learn, if possible, whether his daughter had been alarmingly noticed, he returned to the subject of his departure from Venice. No doubts could be entertained of the republic's willingness to further in secret, Philip's aim of getting his rival into his power, and this conviction rendered extreme precaution indispensable. By the influence of Philip's ambassadors, all the passages into France and Germany were closed against them; wherever Sebastian went openly, he must expect to be seized as a subject of Spain, being pronounced a Calabrian. (Calabria now forming part of its Italian possessions.) Father Chrysostom therefore proposed that their numerous party should separate, and by different parcels, and different ways, seek their different places of destination. He offered to risk himself through Italy, with Don Sebastian alone, provided he would assume the disguise of a monk, and travel under that character to a free

port, where they might embark for France.

This advice, after some consideration, met with general concurrence; it was agreed that the King, with Aziek and their prudent guide, should pass first to Chi-ozzi; from thence through Ferrara to Florence, so to Leghorn, and finally take ship for Marseilles. Such of his Portuguese as chose to join him on his route might rendezvous at Florence, where they were not likely to be known or stayed, and they might then proceed all together to Marseilles.

Upon this arrangment the consultation ended, and leaving their well-beloved monarch to the care of Juan De Castro and of Don Christopher; the several Portuguese repaired to their respective lodgings, wishing the morning soon to appear, since they were permitted to return at noon, in order to be introduced to their Queen.

The next day re-assembled the friends of Sebastian. Kara Aziek entered the

apartment where they met, with extreme emotion, so much had she to look back upon with horror, so much to look forward to with anxiety ! yet gratitude and joy were in her bosom, and on her countenance.

She presented herself to the Portuguese with a timid grace, (as if beseeching them to love her for their sovereign's sake) her gentle demeanor won all their hearts, and when the separate nobles repeated their oaths of fidelity to Sebastian, thanks, mixed with tears and smiles, heightened the interest excited by her beauty.

Juan De Castro had undertaken the task of conveying letters to his cousin Medina Sidonia, and to Blanche ; this prospect gladdened the mother's spirit, and she now entered into discourse of their momentous departure with cheerful courage.

The assembly separated before dusk, and at night-fall, attired as pilgrims, with Father Chrysostom in his monk's habit,

Kara Aziek and Sebastian took their eventful departure from Venice.

The speed with which they journeyed induced them to hope that they should reach Florence (where Don Christopher and De Castro were gone to await them) ere suspicion of their route could arise. The Venetians concluded that Sebastian's escape would, if possible be made to England, and of course the Castillian ambassador's search after him would be directed to the shores of the Adriatic; this idea was what determined Chrysostom to take the route of Tuscany.

## CHAP. VI.

DAY was just breaking when the travellers reached the gates of Florence.

"We are now safe!" exclaimed Father Chrysostom, "here ends our toil."

"Not absolutely," replied Sebastian, looking gladly around him, "till I rest these weary limbs in Portugal, my fatigues cannot be said to cease."

"But we are almost safe," whispered Aziek, "beyond the Venetian territory we may breathe and dismiss apprehension."

Chrysostom turned on her as she spoke, and his dark grey eyes assumed an expression that made her recoil; ere she recovered from the strange alarm they struck into her, he had seized a hand of each,



and bringing them through the gates which were just opening, stopped before a party of military.

“ Here ends our toil !” he repeated, in an altered, triumphant, and ferocious tone, “ Soldiers sieze this Calabrian ! my duty is done !”

Sebastian was instantly surrounded by a band of armed men, who drawing their swords at the same moment with a horrid noise, which drew forth a shriek from Kara Aziek, flashed them before him with menacing attitudes.

Sebastian stood root-bound in their circle, his eyes fixed with amazement on the perfidious Chrysostom: stunned by so atrocious a perfidy, his faculties were for awhile overpowered: at length bursting into such a tempest of rage as had been long unknown to him, he called out, “ Traitor ! fear you not that heaven’s bolt will fall and strike you ?”

“ Bridle this madness, impostor or apostate !” (whichever name you affect

most) replied the stern friar, "I fear no bolts; I look rather for the mantle of Elisha! Chrysostom might indeed have dreaded divine judgment, had he acted with the inconsistency of his reprobate brethren. Your damnable creed is my abhorrence: whoever you are, for that creed I would burn you at the stake, did I rule in Spain. My stratagem has succeeded; I have secured to myself the gratitude of the whole church; and may every pernicious heretic thus run into the snare of destruction!"

"And may every——but no, I will not curse," exclaimed Sebastian, interrupting his own fierce transport. "God will avenge."

"Thy ways are hard to understand, O Father all-powerful! teach me to adore and to submit."

His head fell on his breast at the last words, and he remained so awefully wrapt in meditation that he saw not Kara Aziek fall at the feet of Chrysostom, and wildly

embrace his knees. Her supplicating voice first awakened him: he recovered himself with a smile almost divine, and tenderly raising her, said calmly, "kneel not there, my beloved! forget not that we are in the hands of God as well as man; if *he* commands to spare, who shall destroy?"

Aziek answered but with low and grievous groans, while she continued to hang upon him; and he, motioning for the soldiers to take him where they would, prepared to follow them.

More confounded by this majestic acquiescence, than by the fiercest violence, Chrysostom stood with a troubled look: "Is this hypocrisy! or what is it?" he exclaimed.

"It is Christian submission," returned Sebastian, not deigning to turn his eyes on him. The friar made an effort to resume himself: "Rather say, coward consciousness of base desert! cease to profane

the name of our Redeemer, by uniting it with the accursed doctrines you profess: your miserable imposture is over: you also, madam, may queen it no longer, or if you will still appeal to some tribunal, prepare yourselves for answering at the great judgment-seat of Heaven."

Chrysostom's withering eyes were levelled at both his victims; he stood with his arm extended in the attitude of denunciation, and every lineament of his gigantic figure seemed to grow in power and malignity. Kara Aziek shuddered, turned deathly pale, and closing her eyes, suffered her head to fall back upon the shoulder of her Lord.

Sebastian earnestly gazed on the man before him: "Of what stuff art thou formed?" he said, "art thou man, or devil? is it avarice, or ambition, or hellish bigotry, that has prompted thee to a deed like this? O! blind to the merciful and faithful character of him thou professest to fol-

low ! thinkest thou that he will reward thee for perjury and lies ? study his doctrines better.”

“ Away with him ! ” cried Chrysostom, “ the revilings of reprobate souls, are the testimonies of the saints—my glory is his opprobrium.”

The soldiers now hurried their prisoner forward, who (suffered to hold her in his arms from whom he trusted nothing but death would hereafter divide him) still retained a gleam of comfort to illuminate future days of darkest misery.

The loathsomeness of the dungeon into which they were thrust, was a melancholy earnest of their intended treatment : but Sebastian complained not ; and all devoted to the hard task of detaining the flitting soul of his Aziek, in its feeble tenement, he passed a weary day without learning to what fate he was doomed.

His thoughts were less employed upon personal sufferings, than with amazed

consideration of the black treachery of him whom the Portuguese had so incautiously trusted ; and many were the censures he passed on them for their credulity.

But in truth Sebastian blamed them unjustly : hypocrisy is the only evil that walks unseen “ by man and angels ;” and father Chrysostom was a hypocrite even to himself : he could cajole and cheat his own soul.

While his thoughts were in reality fixed upon earthly distinctions, he believed they were solely turned towards heavenly ones. He fasted, he prayed, he mortified his affections and his senses ; he distributed alms, he visited sufferers, he arrayed his body in “ sackcloth and ashes,” and he persuaded himself that he did all this from love and zeal for our divine master. But it was the praise of men he coveted, rather than the approbation of conscience ; and having early fixed his eyes on the



triple crown, he placed not his foot except where the step promised to lead towards that envied object.

His advancement had been gradual and sure: now it was likely to prove more rapid. In his quality of confessor to the Portuguese viceroy, he speedily heard of Sebastian's re-appearance, and of the alarm which the success of his various agents spread through the Spanish court. Rodrigo acknowledged that it was Philip's earnest wish to have the pretender at his mercy; and upon this acknowledgment Chrysostom suddenly conceived the bold plan of affecting zeal for the Portuguese monarch, insinuating himself into his confidence, learning who were his secret abettors, and in case the Venetians should not deliver him up to Spain, deceive him into her power by the means described.

His affected reunciation of places and profits, together with a shew of hot persecution from the Spanish and papal court,

warranted the friends of Sebastian in their fatal dependance on his superior talents: he obtained his victim ; and secure of the Duke of Tuscany's concurrence, apprized him of the day and hour at which they should enter the gates of Florence.

Juan De Castro, and Don Christopher, who were already in the city, no sooner heard of their King's second detention, than aware of the danger which menaced themselves, and conscious that by the captivity or death of his friends, Sebastian's situation would only be rendered more hopeless, they fled hastily, severally betaking themselves to France and England with entreaties for effectual aid from both those powers.

Meanwhile Sebastian was reconveyed, with the faithful partner of his afflictions, from the Florentine prison, to the nearest sea-port, where being embarked in a Spanish ship of war, and closely kept from the sight of the crew, they set sail for Naples.

Sebastian rarely condescended to question the only person who was allowed to attend him, for the man was cold and savage, and seemed prepared to reply with insults; but on launching again upon that ocean which he had so often traversed under such variety of fortune, he one day broke silence, and asked whither they were going to take him. "To the prison del Ovo, for life,"—was all the answer of his attendant, as he shut and bolted the cabin door.

Sebastian and Kara Aziek turned their eyes on each other: they needed not speech to understand what was passing in each others hearts: their daughter's fate alone occupied every feeling.

"Ah, if I could be assured that her innocent life would be spared, her days pass in peace, exclaimed Kara Aziek, "my soul would find rest: I could bound my little remnant of happiness with the walls of my Sebastian's prison, or I could die with thee, my husband—die gladly." She

bent her face on his neck to hide her gushing tears, as she thought of their perishing together.

Sebastian regarded her tenderly: "I do believe it, my Aziek! cherish this angel resignation; and since it seems Heaven's will, that the sins and the errors of thy husband should descend upon thy guiltless head, O let me hope, that with so grievous an addition to my burthen as that conviction, Heaven will be satisfied, and spare me the pang of having caused my child's wretchedness."

To combat this painful and incessant throe of self-condemnation, Kara Aziek now roused up her fortitude with her love, and while she exhorted him to remember that human sufferings are much more frequently promised to the favorites of God, as trials and perfecters, than as penalties and punishments, her own spirit was elevated and comforted, and she suddenly appeared endowed with supernatural strength.

Resigned to bear, because humble and confiding, no voice of lamentation was heard from the chamber of Sebastian and Kara Aziek. Their dignified stillness, with their gentle and unresisting looks, sometimes moved even the rough fellow who supplied them with food to murmur as he left them, "I shall be sorry to hear that they come to harm."

Sebastian could take no other advantage of this compassion, than that of winning from his attendant the name of the Neapolitan Viceroy. He learnt with pleasure that it was the Count of Lemos, a very old and worthy Spaniard, who had been nobly entertained at the Portuguese court by Don Sebastian, and had more than once bravely hazarded advice to him on important subjects, when his own courtiers shrunk from the delicate task.

From a nobleman of this character, both Sebastian and Kara Aziek now ventured to hope for at least an amelioration of their destiny; and with something like satis-

faction beheld their vessel cast anchor in the bay of Naples. They were speedily conveyed to the castle Del Ovo, a dark and fearful fortress, now become a prison for criminals. At sight of the narrow dungeon, without any other furniture than straw, Kara Aziek's looks betrayed the sudden horror with which she was seized, "Is it here we are to linger out our lives?" she exclaimed, sorrowfully.

"I have no instructions to confine you," observed the man who had conducted them, "indeed I never heard of any other prisoner than this gentleman, so you must be content to abide somewhere else."

He attempted to take her hand to lead her out, but Kara Aziek sprang back, and Sebastian advanced to deprecate the heaviest of their misfortunes. The man urged his orders to confine the pretended Calabrian in a solitary dungeon; Kara Aziek still resisted, she clung to her husband, wildly exclaiming:



“ Kill me—kill me—tear this poor frame to atoms—still will I remain here.— Surely no force can take me away, if I am resolved to die beside him.”

Wrung to torture by her frenzy, Sebastian earnestly sued for permission to detain her. The man's inclinations were in favour of compliance, but his life might have been risked by yielding, and promising to urge their suit in the morning to the Viceroy's secretary, he reluctantly repeated his orders.

The arguments and soothings of Sebastian, rather than the explanation and peremptory behests of the gaoler, allayed the ravings of Kara Aziek; suddenly she grew calm, started from the ground, and as if alarmed lest her obstinacy might endanger her husband's safety, she cried out, “ Now, now I am ready to go !”—a convulsive embrace was exchanged between her and Sebastian, and the next moment the door of the dungeon closed and divided them.

“ No further !” said she, in a low hurried voice, as the man would have led her from the spot, “ Here is my bed this night—every night—here will I live till he is restored to me again—force me not from this sad lodging, if you have love or pity in your heart—I cannot get back to him—I may but hear his steps and his sighs, and know that he is near me.—Alas ! is that too much of consolation ?”

The bitter tears which flowed down her cheeks, and the sorrowful wringing of her hands, presented so moving a picture, that the Neapolitan said kindly, “ Well, stay here then, I will surely get you admitted in the morning—what shall I bring you to sleep on ?”

“ O no sleep—no sleep—she replied, with joyful wildness,” I will wake to bless you and to pray for him.” She lightly seated herself on the stone floor while speaking, and leaning her head against the door of Sebastian’s cell, remained drinking in at her ear each breath he drew.

Frequently did she long to speak and tell him she was near; but then conscious that the idea of her being alone and unprotected in an open passage, exposed to the insults of the wandering guards, and doomed to rest only on a damp pavement, would overbalance the satisfaction of hearing her voice, she checked the wish, and relapsed into stillness.

Morning was far advanced when Stephano appeared; he had been to the secretary and had returned successful. At this intimation, which Kara Aziek demanded even while he was afar off, she uttered a cry of transport; it was answered by the voice of Sebastian from within, "Kind heaven! my Aziek, art thou here again so soon?"

"I have been here the whole night; I would not leave thy door." While Aziek was speaking, Stephano unlocked the dungeon, and she flew into the melancholy, grateful embrace of her husband.

It seemed as if Providence had allotted

them this temporary privation only to make them sensible, that while undivided, they had no right to abandon themselves to despair. Kara Aziek with overflowing thankfulness acknowledged this truth, and promised henceforth to grieve no more.—Stephano passed his hands across his eyes, and replied to some anxious inquiries of Sebastian.

As it was the most earnest wish of the King to be seen by the Count of Lemos, he learnt with regret that Lemos was then lying ill of a dangerous disorder, which devolved his duties upon Sossa, the next nobleman to him in rank and civil honours. This information was indeed unwelcome; however, Stephano promised to inquire regularly after the Viceroy's health, and to discover whenever his Excellency was in a state to hear of business.

“I am heartily sorry,” he added, “to be forced to deal hardly with you and this sweet lady: whatever you be, King or poor Calabrian, you seem to love your

wife, so I would fain make you both comfortable. But the Auditor-General (he that commands now) has charged me to keep you very strictly ; and since your wife insists on sharing your prison, she is to be served with bread and water like yourself. I am heartily sorry for it, Sir, but I must do my duty."

Sebastian bowed in token of reply, for his emotion choked him as he gazed on the heavenly smile which shone through the tears of Aziek ; that smile said how little she regarded the pains and privations of the body—and at that moment he loved her dearer than ever, for never had her unrivalled attachment been so perfectly displayed.

Stephano withdrew, leaving the husband and the wife to seek consolation in the possession of each other's attachment.

On the fifth morning, Sebastian was surprised by the appearance of the Auditor-General with his secretaries, who entering his cell, regarded him some time with



severe scrutiny. "I am come hither," said he, "to ask you for the first and last time, whether you persist in your imposture? if you abjure your crime, and consent to make public confession of it before all men, I am commissioned by our sovereign, Philip III. to promise you life and liberty: but if you continue thus to maintain a falsehood, you will either be left to linger out your days on bread and water, or perish at once by the hands of the executioner. What is your reply?"

Sebastian turned on him a look of exceeding majesty: "I disclaim your authority with that of your master, for I am his equal and his kinsman: let him do with me as he will, I will still call God to witness that I am that self-same Sebastian King of Portugal, who in the year 1578, passed into Africa against the Moors; and the very same, who to augment the name and the power of the Christians, put his life to the hazard, together with that of twenty thousand



brave men, whom his criminal obstinacy devoted to slaughter. I am that unfortunate Prince, who for the punishment of his sins lost the battle of Alcazar!—this is a truth which I may not deny without endangering my immortal soul. Deal with me as you are commanded, I will continue to utter the same words, in prison or at the stake.”

Sebastian turned from him as he concluded, and awed by his royal manner, the auditor with his notaries (who had taken down the King’s words in writing) departed without further speech.

Day after day now lingered by, and as they passed they cast a deeper gloom over the prospects of Sebastian. The Count Lemos grew worse, and Sossa (naturally of a harsh temper, and devoted to Philip) prohibited the slightest mitigation of suffering to the unfortunate Sebastian.

Not for himself did Sebastian grieve, but for her whose tender heart and delicate frame, were so ill suited to the rigours of

their destiny. Yet alas! his grief was vain and powerless.

Nearly two weeks had elapsed, when Stephano entered with a glad look, to communicate the news of Count Lemos's disorder having taken a favourable turn; and to assure Sebastian that his friend the secretary (whose mediation had procured to Kara Aziek the liberty of sharing her husband's fate) had promised to inform his master, of the peculiar severity with which the alleged Calabrian was treated.

The secretary kept his promise. No sooner was Count Lemos in a situation to investigate business, than he granted Don Sebastian permission to appear before him, and for that purpose had him brought privately to his house.

Neither time nor suffering could wholly deface the rare lineaments of him, who might once have stood forth the model of manly beauty. Lemos was not long of recognising in this interesting stranger,

the noble and heart-winning Sebastian: he looked at him with sorrow and surprise; and having questioned him on several matters known only to themselves, he acknowledged himself convinced.

But the old nobleman was too well versed in the character of ambition, to hope that Philip's persecution arose from a real belief of imposture: he justly thought that his august prisoner was secretly devoted to a lingering death, and thus trusted to his keeping, from the apprehension, that if brought either into Spain or Portugal, his escape would be productive of more immediate danger, or his death exasperate the people into a revolt.

Lemos could only promise what he sincerely meant to perform, a strong testimonial to the truth of Sebastian, and a consequent remonstrance with his royal master: should that fail, he must content himself with watching over the life of his prisoner, and yielding him all the com-

forts within his power: to permit his escape, a nice sense of honor forbade.

“Whatever be the trust reposed in me, Sire!” he said, “if I accept it, I am bound to hold it inviolate: and as my respect may sweeten your majesty’s hard destiny, to refuse the charge of your person would be only to deliver you up into the hands of a severer guardian.”

Too grateful for any amelioration of his fate, since that of Kara Aziek was inseparable from it, Sebastian urged not a single argument against the opinion of Count Lemos: he bestowed a warm eulogium upon his justice and generosity, and accepted with gladness the offer he made him of future protection.

By Lemos’s orders, the royal prisoners were removed into the best chamber of the fortress, where Stephano and his sister were permitted to wait on them. Books, musical instruments, and occasional walks in the garden, under certain restrictions, now lightened their captivity: air and

better diet quickly restored some bloom to the cheek of Kara Aziek, and the information (which she covertly obtained during the visit of Count Lemos) that the Medina Sidonia family remained undisturbed, brought back some peace to her mind. But anxiety for the ultimate end of their misfortunes, devoured the inmost part of her heart, and like a canker-worm, preyed on the source of life.

It was well for Sebastian that some innocent recreations enlivened his captivity, since the prospect of ever being released, seemed daily less probable. Philip's answer to Lemos, had been in his usual strain of artful moderation: afraid of exasperating that most respectable of his nobles, into a revolt from his authority, and a public espousal of Don Sebastian's interests, he deemed it wise to tolerate him in dispensing those indulgencies to the prisoner, which he boldly avowed his intention of always allowing ;



while at the same time he peremptorily forbade the viceroy to write or to speak to him in defence of an impostor. This title Philip scrupled not to give him, in defiance of the Count's testimony, being determined to resolve every difficulty into the unreal solution of those days, absolute sorcery.

Several of the Portuguese, who had openly taken part with Sebastian, were outlawed, and their properties confiscated: amongst them were Don Christopher of Crato, and Juan De Castro.

Braganza's high birth and vast influence alone saved him from feeling the heaviest weight of Spanish resentment: policy taught Philip not to exasperate the Portuguese too much, and Braganza was therefore spared. But in the persons of his retainers he felt the malice of his rival:—Father Sampayo was cast into the cells of the Inquisition on spiritual charges; and had not Texere escaped into Eng-



land, (where Sir Anthony Shirley for the love he bore his master, granted him an honorable and safe asylum) he too must have groaned in the same dismal prison.

Either by threats or bribes, the Spanish King had allured into his views, nearly all of his courtiers that had been hardy enough to plead for a fair scrutiny of the pretender. Rome had launched her lightnings and terrified France again into silence: and in England, the disastrous fall of Essex, the death of Elizabeth, and the succession of James, had changed its politics, and rendered any expectation of support from that quarter a vain chimera.

To pass their lives in the castle Del Ovo, was therefore the last prospect that remained to Sebastian and to his blameless wife. When our fate appears inevitable, who is it that weakly continues to contend against it? Confiding their daughter's future happiness to Heaven, and to the Duchess Medina Sidonia, they dried their tears, as they sometimes flowed, when

thinking of their eternal separation, and taught themselves to rejoice in her liberty.

Of the world they now thought only as of a scene on which they should never more appear: they banished its hopes, its fears, its anxieties, and submitting to the divine decree, made their world in each other's hearts.

Those qualities which had never failed to attract and to attach every one within their influence, still continued to win the affections of whatever persons approached them. Stephano and Baptista privately confessed to their friends, their admiration of the royal sufferers, and their firm belief of Sebastian's just claim on liberty and dominion: these confidential discourses, spreading from confidant to confidant, at length diffused throughout Naples so lively an interest in the supposed impostor, that Sossa and others of Philip's party became uneasy, and remonstrated against the indulgence of Count Lemos.

While persisting in his generous line

of conduct, the good Lemos was seized by a return of his disorder, and in a very few days reduced to the brink of the grave: his son, who was just arrived from the Spanish court, and who came hotly zealous for the punishment of him, whom Philip affected to consider a base-born Calabrian, was summoned to the death-bed of his aged parent.

Count Lemos spoke of the prisoner: having listened patiently to the short but violent reply of his son, Lemos raised himself on his pillow, and addressing him with a solemn voice, said, " I am dying, my son ! and the words of a dying man may be trusted.—As I hope for mercy and pardon at the judgment seat of Christ, I believe this man whom you call an impostor, to be the true and lawful Sebastian King of Portugal: as such I charge you (should my government devolve on you) treat him nobly; and let no worldly honours tempt you to touch his life, or to connive at the violence of

others. Friends ! you who surround and hear me at this awful moment, I charge you all to testify what I have said, and to bear with it, my dying request to my sovereign master Don Philip: I intreat him for his soul's sake, to sift this matter more closely."

Exhausted by this exertion, Count Lemos stopt, and laid his head back upon the pillow:—shortly after he breathed his last, and nothing remained of the venerable old man, but a clay-cold corpse.

This event was a fatal blow to the comparatively happy state of Sebastian and Kara Aziek: they were immediately remanded back to their dungeon by Sossa; for Lemos feared Philip too much to obey his departed father, and compromising with his conscience, by resigning the invidious task into another's hand, pretended that an excess of filial grief, made him unfit to investigate so momentous a subject.

This severe treatment was followed by

a visit from the stern auditor: he came to demand a second time, the outraged King's reply to his insulting questions. Again Sebastian declared, that were he to live a thousand years, and every hour of that long period to be employed in making the same demand, he could not return any other answer than that he would live and die professing his truth and his wrongs; that he appealed to a public trial in his own dominions; that he protested against the injustice of his kinsman's proceedings, and would persist in doing so to his last breath.

"Your sentence is then pronounced," returned Sossa, as he departed, "your obstinacy condemns yourself: our illustrious and long-suffering monarch has condemned you for life to the galleys."

As the auditor disappeared, Sebastian fixed a fond but sad look on the agitated features of Aziek. "Faint not, my beloved?" he said, "our appointed trials must be bravely borne to the last—every



species of oppression and insult are to swell the cup of your Sebastian's destiny ; but remember the bitterness of that mortal draught is short, in comparison with the eternal spring, of which, through God's grace I hope we shall drink together in Heaven."

Kara Aziek smiled with a breaking heart, and filled with admiration of her husband's magnanimity, earnestly prayed for strength to imitate so noble an example.

On the day which removed Sebastian to this new scene of misery, he was led from his prison to be conveyed to the gallies. Lemos and Sossa believed that to shew this compassionated sufferer to the expecting crowd under degrading circumstances, would be a surer antidote to their respect, than if they beheld him brought to public execution: they had therefore decreed that he should be led through the streets of Naples to the port, mounted on the most ignoble of animals,



and followed by his faithful Aziék, in the meanest attire.

At the gate of the castle, he beheld multitudes of soldiers and spectators, and a herald holding the ass upon which he was to mount:\* his countenance was unchanged: he placed himself on the lowly animal with a serene and majestic aspect that might have become a throne; it ennobled his sorry garments, and touched every beholder with respect and pity.

His eyes, (brightening as he moved) were fixed upon Heaven: it seemed as if in this triumph over human weakness and human passion, he felt the blessed earnest of eternal reward.

As Kara Aziék hastened to follow the slow progress of Sebastian, some unfeeling wretches scoffingly bade her behold the King her husband, and admire the splendor of his array; she flashed on her insulters a glance of honourable indignation, for in her heart was love and veneration

\* This incident is an historical fact.

united for him they contemned. No fear, no shame could find entrance there: love raised to enthusiasm by grief and admiration, irradiated her features, and gave its former bright flush to her burning cheek: a single black garment wrapt her somewhat wasted figure; her head and feet were bare, by orders of the merciless Sossa; but those delicate feet rending their tender surface against the sharp pavement of the streets, and that hair which fell dishevelled in all its beauty around her, excited only the more compassion. Beauty is the most touching orator; and the loveliness of Kara Aziek heightened the effect produced by her devoted attachment to the husband she followed.

As they moved along, preceded by a herald, proclaiming the offence and the sentence awarded to Sebastian, the murmurs which at first rose among the crowd, gradually died away, till an awful and unbroken silence universally prevailed. The people looked on each other with sorrow and amazement; while Sebastian

now and then removing his eyes from Heaven, looked round upon the spectators with pardon and pity for their sin of consenting to so black an act. At times, when the herald called aloud, "this man whom traitors assert to be the King of Portugal, &c." Sebastian would interrupt him in a loud voice, exclaiming, "and so I am,"—then resuming his calm attitude, proceed in dignified silence.

Arrived at his place of destination, he turned to bid farewell to some of his humblest friends, whom he recognized amongst the crowd. "Friends!" he said, "ere you lose sight of me for the last time perhaps, bear witness that I testify to the truth of my own assertion: I am Sebastian King of Portugal; this matchless woman my lawful and beloved wife. I submit humbly to the will of God, not basely to the oppression of man: my body I account for nothing; and upon that only, may Philip heap indignity and pain; my soul, is above his reach.

“From such of you as have suffered, or may suffer loss for my sake, I crave pardon and pity; the most grievous of my sorrow, is the consciousness of having caused sorrow to others: Heaven will reward you, since the unfortunate Sebastian has no longer any thing to bestow but his poor thanks.”

He had scarce spoken, when the sound of weeping was heard, and a woman pressing forward, threw herself on the earth before him and Kara Aziek: it was Paula the widow of Gaspar. At sight of her, Sebastian turned pale from excess of emotion, and tears gushed from his eyes. “My poor Gaspar!” he exclaimed, “I regretted thee when I should have rejoiced! hadst thou lived to see this woeful day!”

Sebastian stopt, for Kara Aziek’s long-stifled grief, now burst forth with such passionate violence at the prospect of separation from him (for she was denied the consolation of sharing his destiny) that his

fortitude began to faint, and his limbs shook as he sought to support her.

Meanwhile Paula was calling on the people around, to witness, that since she now saw the person whom they had taken her to Venice to swear was Marco Cattizone, she denied his being so; that she recognized in him the former master of her deceased husband, and not that dear husband himself. She wept the memory of Gaspar with unfeigned sorrow, which encouraged Sebastian to require her care of his Aziek, for whom no better habitation offered an asylum than the humble one of Baptista and Stephano.

These good people had promised to receive and to comfort Kara Aziek at the fatal moment in which she must be severed from the partner of her life. Baptista engaged to effect occasional interviews between the wife and husband, through her influence over a young man in the galley to which Sebastian was doomed;



and it was from this promise that Kara Aziek gained strength to live through the wretched scene in which she was now performing.

Amidst tears, embraces, lamentations, and exhortations, she was torn from the arms of Sebastian: he was hurried into the galley, and she led almost lifeless away to the lodging of Baptista.

Associated with slaves and malefactors, behold the once imperious and fiery King of Portugal submitting to his destiny with a resignation that gave a dignity to humiliation: he arraigned not Providence, for he remembered his past bigotry; and though the humanity of his nature had prevented him from carrying his zeal into absolute persecution, he ventured not to say how far that zeal might eventually have transported him; devising it just that he should find his present punishment from that disposition in others, which he had cherished in himself.



Even the most merciless of his oppressors in Naples, dared not outrage that dignity which awed them, by insisting on his labouring like a criminal at the oar: he was condemned to the galley merely as to a more public prison. Philip thus making a show of believing that the more he was seen, the less he would be credited; but in reality hoping that one of those malignant fevers common to the galleys, would soon send him to another world.

Stephano kept his word, and procured more than one meeting between the royal sufferers. Paula undertook to transmit an account of the King's situation to his kinsman Braganza, by whom her infant was now protected. She herself was thus far on her way to rejoin the Duchess of Medina Sidonia in Spain, whither Paula found her gone to take leave of a dying friend. Paula used all her rhetoric to persuade Kara Aziek to accompany her: but not even the temptation of beholding

Blanche again, could swerve the conjugal love of Aziek: she was determined to follow the fate of her husband, wherever it might lead; and as the Duchess held in her possession the little remnant of their wealth, and might transmit it through Paula, Aziek resolved to avail herself of Stephano's protection, and dwell at least in the vicinity of the galleys.

Charged with letters to their beloved child, and to the Duchess, in which the anxious parents besought all efforts for their own happiness to cease, and nothing be attempted but for that of Blanche, Paula departed from Naples.

No sooner was the injured King of Portugal placed in a situation which exposed him to all eyes, than crowds flocked to see and to converse with him. Every day, every hour, produced fresh testimonies to his truth: and had not religious prejudices enfeebled their compassion, and lowered their respect, the Neapolitans

would have joined the loyal Portuguese in rescuing him by force from the galleys.

This universal discontent so far alarmed the new Count Lemos, that he dispatched a messenger to Madrid, with a detail of what he feared: the consequence of his dispatch, was an order for the galleys to quit the Mediterranean and come down to the western coast of Spain.

Not even this change, could divide Kara Aziek from Sebastian: she followed him in a little vessel bound for the same port, accompanied by Baptista, whom kindness and fidelity had endeared to her, and rendered her chief solace.

The galleys were commanded to ride in the bay of St. Lucar: and at St. Lucar Kara Aziek took up her abode.

Unknown and unnoticed, she depended solely on the humanity of Baptista's lover, for distant interviews with her husband.

The saddest period of Kara Aziek's life was now present: she lived forlorn of every comfort except only the humble attentions of her servant, and the occasional sight of him from whom she once fondly hoped nothing less than death would ever have parted her. She beheld this object of her heart's idolatry, loaded with chains, and condemned to the vilest of human stations: her imagination pictured the closing scene of this dismal tragedy, and presented him at the stake, or on the block. Her amiable daughter was now far away, and too probably the eyes of each fond parent would close for ever without beholding her again. Their private friends were dead, or dispersed; their more potent ones, the sovereigns of Europe, changed by circumstances, or rendered powerless from necessities of their own. All around was dark and dreary; and wherever she looked, still the same black horizon shut in her fate.

Where is the spirit that can resist calamities so heavy? Religion may enable us to curb complaint, to submit with humility and a thorough conviction that he who ordains, is all-wise, and all good; but not even religion can benumb "the nerve whence agony is born:" The heart may break while it yields.

Kara Aziek felt hers to be fast decaying: sorrow wasted her bodily strength, and with it her mental energy. A deep sadness was fixed upon her countenance, and heavy and continual sighs (of which she was herself unconscious) told the attached Baptista, that her suffering mistress was hastening to the repose of Heaven.

At this period, Baptista unexpectedly heard that the family of Medina Sidonia had a residence in the neighbourhood of St. Lucar, and were coming to visit it: she imparted this to Kara Aziek, believing Paula likely to be in the Duchess's suite, and knowing of no other interesting ob-

ject; this intelligence lifted up the soul of the fond mother; she hazarded a letter to the Duchess through the medium of Paula, and remained with trembling eagerness anticipating an answer.



## C H A P. VII.

SOME days had passed in anxious expectation, when in the dusk of evening, a man in a domestic's habit appeared at the obscure abode of Baptista, and announcing himself sent by the Duchess Medina, urged admittance to Kara Aziek. She received him alone.

Having cautiously closed the door, the stranger threw off his cloak and hat, and Kara Aziek saw at her feet a young and handsome man, on whose intelligent countenance nature's hand had stamped truth and goodness.

"It is the Queen of Portugal to whom I bend my knee?" said the animated youth, with a look that demanded if he were right. Kara Aziek answered with ready

tears, "Alas! it is the most desolate of women—the wife of him whom would to God I could say was not born to a throne but you come from the Duchess of Medina Sidonia—know you her young companion—Blanche?"

A graceful disorder appeared on the face of the stranger, as with deepened colour and a fluttering voice, he replied that she was even then near St. Lucar. Kara Aziek clasped her hands together in an ecstasy of gratitude: but the emotion of the stranger did not escape her; and his menial habit so ill suited to the elegance of his air, made her attach an agitating meaning to the emotion he betrayed.

"I do not see a domestic of the Duchess Sidonia's?"

"No, Madam—you behold her son."

Don Hyppolito now put into her hands a letter from his mother, which Kara Aziek eagerly read. It informed her that Hyppolito was zealous in the cause of Don Sebastian, though wholly ignorant

of their lovely ward's connexion with his fate ; that the Duchess was eager to afford the parents a sight of their daughter ; and that the Duke having been fortunately importuned by all the Spanish grandees around, to visit the newly arrived galley, in which the King of Portugal was confined, in order to disprove the impostor from his personal knowledge of the true Sebastian, he had seized the opportunity of yielding to his own earnest desire, and was come openly to St. Lucar for the avowed purpose.

Désirous of bringing the mother and child to an immediate meeting, the good Duchess had sent her son (disguised thus to prevent observation) with orders to attend Kara Aziek to their dwelling near the town. Hyppolito (thus ended the letter) has no suspicion of the relationship we so religiously conceal, it will depend on yourself and the royal Sebastian, whether he may ever be so greatly trusted.

But Hyppolito scarcely needed to be now informed of the momentous secret; the likeness to Blanche, which a lover's eye directly discovered, together with a recollection of Blanche's distracted sympathy with the sufferings of the King and Queen of Portugal, and now the wild joy of Kara Aziek, all united to shew him the fact. Trouble and apprehension succeeded to his lively enthusiasm; and a multitude of strange pangs seized his young heart, as he prepared to lead forth the trembling mother.

During their hasty, and rather long walk, no words were exchanged between them; Hyppolito stopped under the high wall of a garden, and opening a small door concealed by trees, conducted Kara Aziek in. The next moment brought them to a pavilion, where he would have left his companion to enter alone, (so his mother had instructed him) but detaining him by the arm, she exclaimed in a low

voice, "O no—leave me not—I owe you the reward of seeing how happy you have made me."

Hyppolito caught at the permission; he pushed open the door, and the next moment beheld the mother and the daughter senseless in each other's arms.

Joy and grief so blended, were too powerful for their hearts: nature sunk under such a meeting, and it was long ere the Duchess and her son succeeded in restoring them to life.

Sorrowful happiness was that which the young Hyppolito now witnessed; no sounds, save those of weeping and sighing, were heard through the apartment. Though the mother and daughter fondly embraced, fondly gazed on each other, their hearts were full of Sebastian, and incapable of real joy.

The tears of Blanche flowed with redoubled impetuosity whenever she looked on her mother. What a change did she see in that face and that figure! as her

eyes wildly noted the ravages made there by sickness and sorrow, cold chills crept through her veins; she felt that a moment was approaching in which she would require the consolation of some object equally dear, and her eyes then sought those of him to whom her innocent heart unconsciously trusted for all its future comfort. Hyppolito's soul speaking from his face, answered the supplication of hers: he advanced, and joining the hands of Kara Aziek and her daughter, in one of his, he pressed them with trembling lips, while a tear fell from his cheek upon the hand of Blanche. Kara Aziek smiled benignly, and returned the affectionate pressure.

To proclaim her maternal claim on the love of Blanche, seemed needless; but Kara Aziek gratified the Duchess by requesting her to place that confidence in the young Hyppolito. After a hasty explanation, the Duchess ventured to offer some incitement to hope of better days,



lamented the circumscribed power of her husband, but assured Kara Aziek, that after he had seen Don Sebastian, by the desire and in the society of those noblemen who had urged him to the interview, and had convinced himself, by ocular proof of his identity, he would boldly publish the truth at all hazards. The Duke was now absent at the Governor of St. Lucar's, but the morrow was pitched on for his visit to the galleys.

This information infused a faint hope through the bosom of his wife; she recovered by degrees from the excess of her first emotion, and remained till night was far advanced, tasting a sad pleasure in noticing the ardent and respectful passion which now blazed out, now receded from the fine eyes of Hyppolito, and fitfully coloured the cheeks of the bashful Blanche.

This love unknown to themselves, even while for ever felt, was not unmarked by the Duchess; and her looks had already

interrogated those of Kara Aziek, with a sort of pleadingness for her son's happiness, which gave the most solid satisfaction to the anxious mother.

Kara Aziek returned from this interview with a placidity long unknown to her; and Baptista, who merely guessed that she had been visiting Paula, made no inquiries, contented to observe that her mistress was really less dejected than usual.

But violent emotions, whether sad or exhilarating, are equally dangerous to a weakened frame: Kara Aziek was unable to rise from her humble couch on the ensuing morning, when Hyppolito came to inform her he was going with his father to recognize Don Sebastian.

Her death-like paleness (over which a smile of grateful regard cast the brightness of immortal beauty) touched the romantic heart of Hyppolito, and as he earnestly regarded the lovely wreck before him, love and pity inspired him with the

determination of attempting something to smooth at least, her departing hour.

Having received a tender message for Don Sebastian, he hurried back to Blanche, whose duteous love did not wait for the disclosure of his wish, ere it prompted her to exclaim, "So ill! so desolate!—O, Hyppolito, since my dear mother may not dwell here unsuspected, I will go to her habited less gaudily: confined to her sick chamber alone, in such an obscure quarter of the city, who will know the adopted child of the Duchess Medina Sidonia?—Some excuse may be invented for my absence, to prevent the curiosity of domestics—Ah! if she were to be torn from me, without my having the consolation of ——"

Tears choaked her utterance, and covering her face, she remained abandoned to sorrow, while Hyppolito was urging the Duchess to sanction their pious project.

What mother could refuse such pleadings? Blanche was allowed to follow the

impulse of filial tenderness; her dress was secretly exchanged for one of Paula's, and gliding unseen through the garden, Hyppolito conducted her out of the private door, and led her safely to the arms of her expecting mother.

The ardent young man had not time to do more than kiss the hand of Kara Aziek, ere he ran off to join his father, and the rest of the grandees.

Accompanied by his wife, the Duke of Sidonia proceeded to the shore; his aspect was grave and thoughtful; for he was reflecting on the wondrous vicissitudes of our mortal life. That unfortunate Prince, upon whom all men might now gaze unchecked, all tongues move in reviling, was that same Sebastian whom Medina had last beheld, surrounded by power and majesty. It was that King whom Medina had himself served twenty years before, with submissive awe; whom he had feasted and entertained with tilt, and tournament, and ball, while he waited at Ca-

diz for the troops of Philip II. These reflections occupied the Duke till his company reached and mounted the chief galley.

Hyppolito was the first to spring on deck: he looked eagerly round, and immediately singled out the august object of his search. Removed from the other slaves, in a lonely quarter of the ship, he saw a man seated, with his arms folded, and his head bent towards the ground; his single garment was coarse and dark; his head and limbs were without covering; but the large and noble proportions of those once powerful limbs, and the majestic air of that head, denoted him to be the King of Portugal.

Hyppolito hastily advanced, and his quick breathing stirred the attention of Sebastian; he looked up, his eyes met those of Hyppolito, who felt them enter into his soul. By a sudden impulse, the young man half bent his knee; surprise

and inquiry illuminated the countenance he was observing. Sebastian slowly arose, and as he did so, his youthful companion heard the clank of chains.

Such an expression of shame and indignation banished the air of veneration with which Hyppolito was looking at him, that Sebastian understood what passed in his mind. “Young man,” said he, “blush not for me—blush for my oppressors, and my coward friends!—deserved punishment is disgrace—but unmerited oppression, if nobly borne, is glory!”—He moved away as he concluded, leaving Hyppolito gazing after his kingly step, and yet—commanding figure.

The vessel was soon crowded with illustrious visitants from the yacht of Medina Sidonia; the captain of the galley understanding their errand, shewed the Duchess and her company to a wider part of the deck, and sent to inform Sebastian that they entreated to see him. He turn-



ed back with the captain, and calmly advanced into the circle formed by his examiners.

The Duchess who had last met him at Villa Rosolia, under such different circumstances, almost uttered a cry of melancholy welcome: her company burst forth into remarks and questionings: the Duke remained on one spot, steadily eyeing the figure before him.

So long was his scrutiny, that some of the groupe impatiently demanded whether the man they saw, were not really an impostor. Medina suffered them to importune him for an answer, and at length seriously replied, "Am I to speak the truth my lords?—I declare then, that in the voice and mien of this stranger, I recognize the very voice and mien of the King of Portugal. The alteration I find in his face and figure, is only such as twenty years of suffering might be expected to produce."

“ What then, you believe he is Don Sebastian? You assert it?”

“ I assert nothing : persons and voices may resemble ; but in events we cannot be mistaken. If this be the King, whom I entertained at Cadiz, ere his expedition to Africa, he will be able to point out to me amongst some armour which I have had brought hither, the present he made to me at that period.”

“ I gave thee a sword, Sidonia!” said Sebastian, “ and I think I should remember it again.”

The surrounding nobles, with dismay and surprise, followed the Duke to the stern of the galley, where some attendants had just arrived with a heap of swords, spurs, curious pistols, and daggers. The Duke silently pointed out to them all, the weapon given him by the King, which being less costly than any of the others, was the least likely to be guessed at as a royal gift.

Sebastian, who had remained exchanging looks of interesting meaning with the protectress of his daughter, courteously went to meet the returning party; an old servant displayed the amour: Hyppolito bent anxiously forward, fearful, that if the King's memory failed of retaining such a trifle, they who chose to cavil at this truth, might seize so plausible a pretext, and pronounce his father deceived.

But, at the first glance, Sebastian recognized his own plain sword, and drew it from beneath a heap of others. With this sword did I make thee a knight of Avis! he said, sorrowfully, O sad remembrance! for what a train of bitter recollections is in its train!"

"Now, my lords, what say you?" exclaimed the indiscreet Hyppolito,—  
"should you not bow your knee and acknowledge the royal kinsman of our sovereign Philip of Spain, and should

we not all join in bringing this convincing proof to his abused ear?"

Most of the nobles, who well knew that the ear of Philip was wilfully stopt, fell back, murmuring "Sorcery or accident," while others expressed their conviction, but lamented their want of influence. The captain of the galley stood with an air of sincere remorse, which did not escape Hyppolito. The old servant holding the armour, having carefully examined the lineaments of the King, added his testimony to that of his master. The deck of the galley became for a while a scene of confusion and strong emotion. Sebastian alone, was little moved; he was no longer to be deceived by vain hopes; he knew that all those people would go home convinced of his truth, pitying his misfortunes, and earnest in wishing them at an end; but that in a short time their wonder and their concern would cease; he would be forgotten, and left to his fate.

With Medina Sidonia he conversed aloud on various subjects, calculated to place his integrity under a yet broader light; the gratitude he felt for the protection afforded to his daughter, gave warmth to his manner, and attracted the heart of Don Hyppolito.

Upon that young man Sebastian cast many approving looks, for there was a careless intrepidity in the young Spaniard's manner, and an ardent precipitation in his speech, which announced a generous and a brave character. Sebastian loved such characters, and he therefore beheld the homage of Hyppolito with engaging benignity.

The grandees who accompanied Medina Sidonia forcibly betrayed an extreme anxiety to depart; the Duke requested them to stay a moment.

“ Nobles !” he said, “ it was through your importunities that I came hither to determine on the truth or falsehood of the illustrious person before us,

when you intreated me, you all promised to bear witness to the faithful testimony I should give, whatever that might prove him. I now insist upon your performance of this promise, and require that you set off with me on the instant for the court of our royal master, in order that he may hear from us together, the singular circumstances of this morning. That done, the event remains in our sovereign's breast; we shall have acquitted ourselves to God, to our conscience, and to this injured monarch.

Ashamed of opposing so equitable a demand, and trusting to private representations of their own unwillingness, the nobles were obliged to assent, and taking leave of Don Sebastian, they descended into the yacht which had brought them from St. Lucar.

Don Hyppolito lingered behind: no one was near Sebastian; he approached, and hastily whispered, "Blanche is with her mother—fear not for them—I will



watch over their safety : for that purpose I remain in St. Lucar." Hyppolito hurried away, and joining his party, was conveyed to shore.

In whispers to his father, he excused himself from attending him to Madrid, pleading the comparative insignificance of his youth, and the indecorum of leaving his mother alone. The Duke, little dreaming of the romantic scheme which his son was then revolving, made no hesitation of according to his wish, and the Duchess was too much gratified with such filial attention to receive it without pleasure.

Having left his parents at their own house, Hyppolito hastened to detail the scene he had just witnessed to the expecting Blanche.

In his progress across one of the squares, he was stopped by a knot of young lords, who knowing the visit that had been proposed, now stayed him with various questions. Hyppolito's answers

were full of his usual candour, and were mixed with so many passionate expressions and sympathy with the wrongs of Sebastian, and so many invectives against the inactive Portuguese, that he attracted and fixed the attention of a person, who clothed as a mendicant, remained without being noticed upon one spot close to the speakers.

After uttering a few unthinking jests, the young lords went away, and Hyppolito was now proceeding alone, when the mendicant followed, and drew nigh to him: Hyppolito threw him a piece of money unasked; the man passed it with trepidation, and said in a low voice, "I am no beggar, noble Guzman! but a friend of him you compassionate; one, that you see, is willing to risk his life on any scheme that may serve Sebastian of Portugal."

Hyppolito turned joyfully round, and looking on the stranger, saw the features of a brave and honest youth, under the

squalid rags in which he was enveloped. He made him a sign to follow at some distance, and getting out of the streets as fast as possible, the two young men found themselves in a lonely thicket, just beyond its precincts, "Now then, say on," cried Hyppolito, "tell me your name and purpose,—we both risk much by this sudden confidence; but who would not risk all, save his immortal soul, for the injured Sebastian."

"I am Don Christopher of Crato," replied the stranger, blushing and sighing as he pronounced the name he mentioned, "my grandfather was great uncle to Sebastian, I am therefore bound to his fortunes by the ties of blood. Having returned into France after the base detention of my dear sovereign at Florence, I obtained from the French King a solemn promise of inviolable protection (a promise written by his own hand, and which I now possess) for Sebastian and his Queen, should I ever be able to effect

their liberation. For this purpose the generous King has given me a large sum of money, with which I hastened to Naples, determined to attempt the rescue of Sebastian either by bribery or by artifice; but I found him removed to St. Lucar: hither I have followed him, and disguised as you see, am now watching an opportunity for the performance of a duty."

At the name of Don Christopher, (whom the late Emanuel de Castro had so often extolled at Villa Rosolia,) Hyppolito dismissed his fears and suspicions, and at once unfolded to him the design he had himself formed during his visit to the galley.

From the countenance of her Captain, and the mean salary attached to his station, Hyppolito believed he might be induced to receive a rich reward for conniving at the escape of his prisoners; all the jewellery in his own possession he had already in thought, devoted to this generous purpose;—even the brilliant

chanfraine which had sparkled round the brow of his horse when its master was proclaimed victor at a tournament, and he had ridden up to Blanche to receive her praises and her smiles. But Don Christopher shewed him the wisdom of keeping these gems as a fund for future emergency. "I have enough for our purpose:" he said, "enough to take us into France, and after that, I can offer from myself, a noble asylum to my royal relation. The fairest and the richest heiress of Brittany, will bless me with her hand the moment I return to claim it. Own that I love my King, Don Hyppolito, when I confess that nothing but his service should have torn me from the feet of my adorable Adelaide."

Hyppolito smiled approbation, and returning to the plan for Sebastian's escape, continued to converse on that subject, till a neighbouring clock twice reminded them that they should part.

They now separated: Hyppolito promising to impart the meeting to Kara Aziek, and Don Christopher expressing a hope, that should he repair at dusk to her abode, in less lowly attire, she would admit him into her presence.

The interesting circumstances which Hyppolito related to Kara Aziek, shed a bright light over her long benighted spirit: at the description of Sebastian's conduct, and the impressions it produced on all the beholders, she shed tears of exultation: her life was closing, but could she preserve his, bestow Blanche upon Don Hyppolito, and obtain their solemn promise to forget that the blood of Kings flowed in the veins of their children, she should die happy. Some such prospect now opened on her, and the ardent language of young Guzman taught her to believe it near.

Blanche spoke not; though her eyes, (fixed on Hyppolito with such fulness of love and gratitude, that she thought not



what they was expressing) thrilled through all his frame, awakening a transporting conviction, that he was exclusively beloved.

No sooner had Don Christopher paid his respectful visit to Kara Aziek, than the two young men proceeded to commence their attack upon the honesty, or the compassion, of Haro, captain of the galley. The man was necessitous and he was humane: both motives rendered him accessible. Since the recognition of his prisoner by the Duke of Medina, he had granted to him, (by the Duke's request) the indulgence of walking over the vessel with his ancles unfettered: this indulgence might, he thought, be turned into an apology for his disappearance. Thus free in his limbs, nothing would be sooner credited than that the wretched Sebastian had thrown himself into the sea, and perished by a voluntary death.

Haro proposed that Don Christopher and Don Hyppolito, should come some

midnight under the stern of the vessel, when he would undertake to have all the slaves, and other officers, either at rest or at a distance ; he alone, watching by Sebastian.

To convey the King privately down the side of the galley into the boat without discovery, might be difficult, but not impracticable ; and the moment the boat received him and rowed away round the other end of the galley, Haro was to extinguish his lamp as if by accident, fling some large substance into the sea loaded with the chains of Sebastian, and by his outcry bring all the other persons to this end of the ship.

The clank of irons and the descent of a heavy body, might well pass for the last plunge of the living Sebastian : with a conviction of his self-murder, the sanguine Hyppolito believed that even Philip himself would rest satisfied. Should success crown their project, Don Christopher was to proceed into France with

his prize; and as in that case, Aziek would remain behind, and Blanche be denied the joy of embracing her father, Hyppolito projected a scheme to attract his mother into meeting these two friends at a lonely fishing lodge which he possessed on the coast, only a few leagues off. It would be easy to land the King there, allow him a few hours conference with his child, and afterwards depart with him and Aziek for France.

This arrangement was no sooner settled, and Haro put into possession of half the sum he was to receive in recompense for so important a service, than he permitted an interview between his captive and the two young noblemen, who conversing with him apart from the other slaves, (a circumstance now so frequent that it was not regarded) opened before him a prospect of freedom and of peace.

Like light suddenly restored to the blind, was this amazing hope to the soul of Sebastian: touched by the chivalric

ardour of two youths to whom his qualities were so little known, and recalled to the fond wishes of a father and a husband, he prest his hand on his heart unable to express in any other way, what was swelling there.

After some moments silence, he uttered a few animated words of gratitude and gratification, coupled with apprehension for their safety, should he accept their services, and accident hereafter discover them to the King of Spain.

Don Christopher declared he risked nothing, since he was already exiled from his country, and dependant on the favour of the French monarch, to whom he should return: and Hyppolito laughing at the chimera of a discovery, braved it as a phantom, protesting his belief that accident could not develope their share in a transaction to which no other person than Haro, would be privy.

His tongue, eloquently, though hastily, represented the joy which her father's

release would bestow on Blanche and on Kara Aziek, whom he reluctantly confessed to be now in a state, which rendered a peaceful mind absolutely necessary if they would preserve her life.

At this argument Sebastian lost sight of all other objects, and eagerly yielded assent. To regain, to preserve her, was it not to regain more than liberty? and where was the obscure spot in creation, to which he would not fly for that blessed purpose?

Don Christopher briefly referred him to Haro for the management of his part of the plot; and in order to silence all the King's apprehension, declared his belief that an offer from the French King would allure Haro into France, where an honourable provision might recompence him for thus abandoning his country—in such a case, neither Haro nor Don Christopher need dread being known as the accomplices in Sebastian's escape,

when the time should arrive in which he would re-appear as a candidate for Portugal.

Sebastian listened patiently, then sadly smiling, said in a voice of determination. "Mark me, generous young man! too long have I struggled against the visible will of Heaven, too long have I sacrificed all that is nearest and dearest to me, for that enfeebled people who have shewn themselves rather disposed to clamour against my injuries, than bravely to arm and redress them. For their sakes I have made shipwreck of all that was precious unto me: alas! if I may but save one little remnant—if I may but find some retirement to shelter me and mine, where we may live and die in happy oblivion—my heart will have attained all its present wishes. I feel that I have acquitted myself of my duty to Portugal, and now I abandon her throne for ever."

"What, Sire!" exclaimed the young



Hyppolito in a transport of awakened hope, "and the amiable Blanche, do you abandon for her, all claim."

Sebastian's penetrating eye read the lover's heart; he smiled graciously, and pressing his hand, said, "Yes, for her also, I speak: her safety and her happiness are the sole objects of her father's anxiety; and how are they to be secured, save in domestic privacy? Think of her again, Hyppolito, as you were used to do; forget the Princess of Portugal, but ever protect and cherish the unpretending Blanche."

Hyppolito hid his suddenly suffused face upon the hand which he now carried to his lips; his heart beat with strange and delightful emotion. Don Christopher earnestly strove to alter the resolution of Sebastian: the latter was inflexible. "I owe the remainder of my life," he observed, "to my family and my friends; the period is too short for us to waste it in

fresh struggles: let us be content Don Christopher to pass it in tranquillity."

The captain of the galley now approached, and breaking off their discourse, the young men hastened to impart the consent they had obtained, to name the day of their enterprize, and to return to St. Lucar.

The short interval between this period and that which was to crown or to blast all their expectations, was spent by the young friends in active preparation, and by Kara Aziek and her daughter in the most agitating anxiety. The stimulus thus given to the nerves of Kara Aziek, imparted a transient hope of returning health: a bright glow was ever on her cheek, a brighter light for ever in her eye. With a motive for desiring life, the power of retaining life seemed to be granted; and while she opened her heart to receive the sanguine anticipations of Blanche and Hyppolito, they fondly fancied that her hour of danger was passed.

The Duchess Medina Sidonia was wilfully kept ignorant of the important affair now agitating: Hyppolito secretly resolved to meet the punishment of his temerity alone, (should any chance discover it to King Philip) since, if he could solemnly swear and prove that his parents were not accessory to the act, he justly believed that not even the deadliest tyrant would dare violate their lives, or their fortunes.

The evening preceding that on which Sebastian was to be carried off, Aziek and her daughter were removed to the fishing lodge of Hyppolito, (a lone house almost buried among rocks and thickets) of which only one purblind domestic had the charge.

Hyppolito suggested this place as more suited to an invalid than a noisy sea-port, besides which he urged, that his mother, who might not hazard the singular act of visiting a humble individual in her mean abode, might safely give them the meeting

here, and occasionally come to share in the pious cares of Blanche.

Satisfied with so natural and considerate an arrangement, the Duchess hastened to embrace the suffering Aziek, whom even this short journey contributed to enfeeble. Knowing the effect which solicitude too highly raised, ever produced on her mother, Blanche forbade Hyppolito to mention the real night of his enterprize; certain that such an enterprize was on the point of execution, she would in some degree be prepared for its failure or success, yet being deceived as to the precise instant would spare her the useless torture of suspense.

Obedient to this judicious injunction, on the very evening of their plot, the young friends named a succeeding one, and departed for St. Lucar.

Blanche had now to rouse up the whole force of her spirit to support the hard task of concealing an agitation which

amounted to agony. As she hung over the couch of her pallid mother, indistinct apostrophe's to Heaven, perpetually faltered on her lips, while hiding the flush of her cheeks and the restless wandering of her eye, from the unconscious Duchess, she strove to smile and to talk on subjects of trivial interest.

It was a serene and balmy evening, and as the stars appeared one by one in the firmament, and the illuminated sea slowly advanced and receded from the cliffs surrounding the fishing lodge; so much of peace and beauty pervaded every object, that Kara Aziek felt the scene tranquillize and renovate her.

“Suffer me to remain here, my child!” she said, (as Blanche hearing the clock strike ten, would have had her retire to rest) “the sight of these boundless and sublime objects, seems to elevate and calm my spirit. Never before have I beheld them with such feelings. How wonderful! how magnificent, how surpassing all human ideas of nobleness, wisdom, and

goodness, must be that great being by whom they were created ! it is fit I should habituate myself to contemplate and adore that divine perfection which I may so soon be summoned to adore in the courts of Heaven."

Aziek paused, and her eyes floating in sweet though mournful tears, remained fixed upon the stars. Blanche turned weeping away, and the Duchess ventured to utter a few words of hope.

Kara Aziek smiled gratefully, shook her head, and repeated in so low a voice that her words were scarce audible, "I am past hope, and you must not deceive yourselves: might I but behold my Sebastian once again, know him safe, and obtain from him one promise, I should die completely happy."

Blanche spoke not: she clasped her hands together with convulsive energy, and her heart only uttered a fervent petition to the Omnipotent for the success of her lover.

The Duchess seated herself near the couch of the invalid. "And what, dear-



est madam!" she said respectfully, "what commands do you leave me for my future conduct to this dear girl whom I love as I do Hyppolito? a day must arrive when other affections than filial ones, will arise in her bosom—how then am I to decide for the Princess of Portugal?"

Kara Aziek withdrew her eyes from above, and fixed them on the Duchess: the look which they exchanged at that moment, needed no interpreter. "Decide for her happiness, my kind friend! and let the generous man who may devote himself to the obscure and untitled Blanche, accept the blessing of her dying mother, for her dowry. I have nothing else to bestow."

Drowned in tears, flowing from various sources, Blanche precipitated herself by the side of her mother, covering her hands with kisses; the Duchess resumed, "Such are your sentiments, but what are those of Don Sebastian? Would not he frown on the presumptuous house of Me-

dina Sidonia, were they to hazard a wish for uniting their proudest boast, their brightest hope, with the heiress of Portugal? My Hyppolito feels far more than a brother's love for our Blanche; his passion is worthy its object, for he loved her ere he knew her rank."

Blanche heard not her mother's reply, for a loud blast of wind, shaking the walls of the fishing lodge, made her start up and hurry to the window. The stars were disappearing under volumes of clouds, which this sudden wind had driven up from the horizon; extreme darkness was succeeding to light and beauty:—gloom was favourable to the views of the adventurers, and Blanche blest the darkness, even while trembling at the storm.

Kara Aziek and the Duchess continued so long and so earnest in conversation, that they did not notice the watchful looks of her about whom they were talking: by degrees the wind fell, and although the stars were but faintly discernible at inter-

vals, there was still enough light to guide experienced mariners on their road over the waves. Blanche stole back to her former station, and knelt down by her mother's couch, listening to her discourse. She had scarcely placed herself, when the sound of distant oars grew on the stillness of night. At first, her limbs lost their power, and she could not rise from her kneeling posture, but quickly recovering again, she started abruptly up, and complaining of the sensation of suffocation, opened a door leading down a slope which terminated on the sands.

Having bounded away with bird-like swiftness, she turned aside among some rocks which formed a creek for the shelter of small vessels. by the dim light, she fancied that she perceived a boat afar off: her eyes remained fixed on the object—the night grew clearer, she saw more distinctly, and at length became certain that a single boat was approaching, rowed by two men.

But where was the third? where was her father? it might be, that he was concealed at the bottom of the little vessel, or that Hyppolito had failed. The rowers frequently looked behind them, as if afraid of pursuit, but they made no signal to her.

Blanche leaped upon a high point, and waved her handkerchief; the boatmen answered only by redoubling their exertions to make the land. They approached—they moved swifter as they advanced nearer; and the agitated girl hastening from the cliffs to the sands, eagerly rushed into the very waves; for now she beheld by the star-light, a human figure lying at the bottom of the boat.

The voice of Hyppolito warned her of her danger, and the next instant some one plunged into the water, and springing to shore caught her in his arms: it was Sebastian himself.

By the same impulse, both father and daughter sunk on their knees in each

other's embrace; their hearts gushed out at their eyes in silent gratitude.

Don Christopher hurried to break the joyful news to her, whose patient suffering had quickened their exertions; and Hyppolito mooring his bark, flew to share in the happiness he had bestowed.

Rising from the sand, Sebastian now beheld the amiable youth kneeling by the side of Blanche; he stooped to embrace him also. As he encircled them both, and pressed their beating hearts together, he fervently repeated, "I bless you both, my children! may I not say, that I join you in your father's arms? would to God that this union may be eternal!"

Transported to ecstasy, Hyppolito hurried forth a crowd of rapturous and tumultuous expressions, in which Sebastian peculiarly distinguished the promise of resigning for Blanche, and for her offspring, all pretensions to dispute the crown of Portugal.

Blanche answered the eager questions

of her lover, and the more temperate inquiry of her father, by sinking her blushing face on the shoulder of him to whom she was given, and tenderly returning the pressure of his hand. Hyppolito was in heaven, and forgot for awhile that the heart-wearied Sebastian was anxiously waiting the re-appearance of Don Christopher, from whom he was to learn whether Kara Aziek had strength to bear an interview.

Don Christopher at last appeared ; and his countenance shewed how much he had been affected. Sebastian silently accepted the offer of his supporting arm, as they turned towards the house, leaving Hyppolito to lead the tottering steps of Blanche, whom joy, grief, and love, rendered feeble.

Imagination must picture the solemn and moving scene which took place in the apartment of Kara Aziek ; the tears, the embraces, the broken exclamations, the fond and distracted perusal of each other's



altered persons, the alternate bursts of transport and anguish, which succeeded to this certainty of being restored to each other, and this fear of being doomed to part for ever.

When a little tranquilized, Kara Aziek desired to be left alone with her husband, and then she unfolded to him her last wishes for him and their daughter. Sebastian's soul had gone on the like track with her's; she found that the same events had produced on each the same effects, and that he was as willing to promise, as she was to exact, a determination of abandoning every thought of Portugal.

Believed self-destroyed, he was resolved to enter France with Don Christopher, and retiring to some solitude with her, and such of his friends as chose to join his retirement, pass his life in such happy obscurity as they had done at Cachoeira. Though separated from Blanche by the union to which they destined her, they believed this sacrifice demanded of

them, in gratitude for the services of the Medina Sidonia family; and since occasional visits from Blanche and Hyppolito, would enliven their retirement, Sebastian tried to persuade his Aziek that they might yet find happiness.

“ A few brief years,” she said tenderly, “ and then my beloved, we *shall* enjoy it together. I go to prepare a place for thee in that world to which we have so long accustomed ourselves to look for imperishable joys! My soul exhausted with suffering, languishes for the rest of heaven. Shake not thus, my Sebastian—what mortal agony convulses those dear features? Wouldst thou then retain me in a world like this? O! rather rejoice that I am going to leave it. Shall I not breathe my last on thy faithful breast? O blessing! O comfort unutterable!”

Sebastian believed at this moment that she was indeed drawing her latest breath; for spent with emotion, her heart ceased to beat, and her eyes closed. He folded

her in his arms, and uttering a doleful cry, remained gazing on her pale face with the stare of madness.

Alarmed by his voice, his friends and daughter rushed in, and finding that Kara Aziek yet breathed, though almost imperceptibly, they exerted their influence to persuade him to withdraw awhile.

During their short absence from the apartment, Don Christopher hesitatingly asked, what measures his King meant to pursue; the vessel that was to carry them to France, lay at anchor two leagues up the coast, and as Kara Aziek could not be moved thither, without the certainty of immediate death, Don Christopher ventured to hint that his sovereign's safety could only be secured by his departing with him alone.

At this friendly suggestion, some of his youthful impetuosity burst from Sebastian: "What! leave her!" he exclaimed, "My Aziek! my wife! my life's comforter! the very soul of all my

past happiness!—no, no, young man. I will stay by her, till heaven restores, or tears her from me: after that blow, all the world will be nothing to the undone Sebastian, and Philip may triumph as he will, over this senseless body. Think of your own safety—I ought to urge you—but my whole soul is swallowed up in one sad object. You have my thanks for your loving care—some other time perhaps,”——Sebastian could not proceed, and again he returned to the room where he left Kara Aziek.

Recovered by the assistance of the Duchess and Blanche, Kara Aziek had strength sufficient to assure them that she was better, and believed herself capable of being removed in any way that was requisite to speed the departure of her husband. To this assurance, Sebastian replied with a steady declaration of his late taken resolution, and being joined by Hyppolito in arguing against the chance of a discovery at a lodge so little known,

when the story of his self-murder would lull inquiry, he vanquished the reluctance of Kara Aziek to let him remain beside her.

Don Christopher then suggested the prudence of suffering the Duchess to return to St. Lucar, lest her longer absence should create any curiosity, and with an unwilling mind, after receiving again Sebastian's pledge that he would resign Blanche to Hyppolito, she departed from the fishing lodge.

For three successive days and nights, Kara Aziek enjoyed the sacred pleasure of seeing her sick bed attended by the object dearest to her on earth; whenever she opened her eyes, during the day or the night, still they met the anxious gaze either of her husband or her daughter. Hyppolito too, watched her with a son's tenderness, and the attached Baptista shared in all their feelings.

Contemplating her husband restored to liberty by the noble youth with whom

Blanche was to unite her destiny, seeing in Don Christopher the faithful friend that was to repair her loss, and cheer the spirit of Sebastian, Kara Aziek felt a grateful and placid happiness, which sweetened the pains of approaching death. How much was there to be thankful for, in a death thus softened, which otherwise must have approached in unutterable horror !

She ventured not to repine that her life was prematurely abridged by late sorrow, since of former felicity, she had enjoyed so large a portion ; and fixing her thoughts on that eternity which would re-unite her with her husband, she gently yielded to the decay of all her powers.

Like gradual sleep, death stole over her faculties and her feelings ; she lay stretched on a couch, losing by degrees the powers of motion, and of speech, the faculty of hearing, and of sight.

Sebastian hung over her marble form, speechless, pale, and despairing : he



spoke, and she heard him not ; he touched her, and the death-cold hand that returned not the agonizing grasp of his, convinced him that she felt not the pressure. But still her closing eyes were directed towards him, and the heavenly smile that moved her lips, spoke to his breaking heart of love and better hopes.

Too soon these dim eyes ceased to see the objects before them, her faint breathing was scarce perceptible,—she breathed only at intervals ; at length her eyelids closed for ever, and she breathed no more !

Blessed close of a virtuous life ! what are all the wild transports of earthly joy, when compared with the mercy of thus “ falling asleep ” to wake in Paradise ?

Sebastian was standing with his eyes fixed on her face, and his hand holding hers ; he watched her yet, but his looks were no longer sad and patient, they expressed alarm, anguish, desperation. He put his lips to hers ; no breath mingled

with his ; his hand sought her heart,—all there was still !—a mortal cry came from his very soul, and dropping the cold arm he was grasping, the desolate Sebastian fell lifeless upon the body of her he lamented.

Supported by her lover, Blanche was kneeling by the bed, distracted between grief for her mother, and fear for her father's senses ; Hyppolito hastily resigned her to Baptista, and judging this to be the decisive moment, he dashed away his own tears, and motioning to the pale Don Christopher, they lifted Sebastian from the chamber into the open air.

Trusting him to their attention, Blanche allowed herself to yield to her own sorrow, and remained weeping over the beauteous remains of the tenderest of women. Meanwhile Hyppolito and Don Christopher hastened to the boat, placed their royal charge within it, covered him with their clothes, and swiftly

rowed away towards that part of the coast where their larger vessel was in waiting. When Sebastian recovered, he looked round, and beheld himself in an open boat on the wide ocean, over which the grey of morning just began to glimmer; he saw that Don Christopher and Hypolito were his companions. At first his scattered senses were unable to recollect more than his late escape from the galley, and he fancied himself newly rescued from that dismal situation; but soon the dejected looks of his friends, and returning memory, banished this short delusion, and he awoke to the consciousness of being bereft of all he loved.

Sebastian had risen from the bottom of the boat, he now sat down again without having spoken; and neither uttering groan nor sigh, neither shedding a tear, nor raising his head, he remained like one stupefied into stone.

This dismal silence was unbroken by his pitying friends; they plyed their

oars unremittingly, and after much toil came along side the ship, which they hailed and mounted.

All this time Sebastian spoke not; he suffered Hyppolito to lead him into the cabin, while Don Christopher remained above, to give directions for her immediate sailing. When the latter re-appeared, he rose to depart. In silence he bent his knee to kiss the hand of Sebastian,—in silence the grief-wrapt Sebastian placed his hands on his head in token of benediction.

“ You bless me as your son, my father !” asked the young man, with much emotion.

The desolate Sebastian strained him in his arms, and attempted to speak; but finding the effort impossible, he repeated the embrace, and motioning for his friends to withdraw, he shut himself in the cabin, and delivered himself up to despair.

Hyppolito earnestly commended the

unfortunate King to his friend Don Christopher, settled with him their mode of communication, promised to visit France the instant he could obtain permission to travel, and bring with him his wedded Blanche; then exchanging an affectionate farewell, he leaped into the boat, again seized the oars, and toiled through the sullen waves to the fishing lodge.

## THE CONCLUSION.

ABOUT thirty years after the period in which Don Sebastian was conveyed into France, a majestic old man was seen to enter the palace of the Braganza's, at Villa Viciosa; his mourning garments were plain, but not ignoble; his steps were supported by a staff; the hair that parted from his serene, yet time-worn brow, was whiter than silver; in his eye, and on his lips, sat a sort of sweet mournfulness, that added a touching interest to his venerable age; the ashes of that youthful fire which had once blazed there, still remained to say that such fire had been; but the fire itself was extinct. Resignation, peace, and benignity, had taken its place.



He enquired for the Duke and Duchess of Braganza: the former was at the village of Almada, but the young Duchess was alone, and the stranger was conducted to her presence.

Upon entering a splendid hall, where sculpture, painting, and armorial decorations united to bestow grandeur, the hoary-headed traveller paused, and fixed his eyes upon one object. It was a young and admirably lovely woman, who had just laid her sleeping infant upon a couch, where she stood gazing on him with a mother's fondness.

Her graceful figure owed nothing to the imposing aid of dress; a plain sattin robe, and a cluster of roses knotting up her bright, dark hair, were its only ornaments; but "she was covered with the light of beauty," and wanted no other decorations.

At the sound of a heavy sigh, she turned round, and perceiving a stranger, hastened forward to meet him. The old

man continued looking at her as she advanced: "my eyes are somewhat dim," he said, in a voice broken by emotion rather than by feebleness, "but I think you are the last surviving child of her who is now an angel in heaven!"

The young Duchess trembled with sudden emotion, and her fine countenance assumed an expression of veneration, joy, and sorrow, which heightened its charms; she half bent her knee, while exclaiming, "who is it that I behold? O majestic stranger, dare I believe that I see in you—"

"The father of your mother!" replied the old man, tears trickling down his cheek, "the widowed, wandering Sebastian."

Luisa sunk at his feet, and devoutly kissed them. "You return then, at last!" she said, weeping with delight, "all who have known or persecuted you, my honoured father, are vanished from the earth. Here in the arms of your re-

maining race, your old age may now pass in security and honour, and your latest sigh be breathed on the bosom of affectionate children."

As she spoke, she tenderly led him towards a seat, where placing herself beside him, she continued to wait his answer, with both hands clasping one of his.

Sebastian fondly regarded her a long time in affecting silence, the tears chasing one another down his venerable face, increasing as they flowed, till he could discern her no longer.

"Pardon me my child!" he said, "the sight of you brings back the feelings of my youth. At that period I loved and possessed the dearest of women: at that period your mother was a young and lovely creature like yourself; I had friends and kindred: where are they now? all gone down to dust! O it is sad to think that I have outlived them all; that in you and your husband I behold the second

generation from myself, and from my cousin of Braganza. Mighty Providence! what an instant is the life of mortal man!"

"Tell me, my child, (he added, after a thoughtful pause) are you happy? do you possess in your husband such a friend as your heart devotes itself to with perfect sincerity?"

A vivid glow kindled on the cheek of Luisa, her eyes were instantly full of her soul: "I am the happiest of women; she said ardently, "the whole world contains nothing of what is valuable, great, or endearing, that is not comprised in the character of my Juan. O my father, I am only too happy; and my fond heart trembles sometimes at its own felicity."

Tears glittered in her brilliant eyes, and the love that blushed through every vein of her delicate frame, communicated a sad thrill to those of the aged wanderer.

"Gone, gone, for ever gone!" he repeated mournfully; then stopping, added

with a divine smile, “not so: in the world to which I hasten Luisa, these sweet emotions will revive again, even for me. Surely our virtuous affections are not destined to perish?”

A smile of equal brightness answered this remark. “But tell me, dearest Sir, whither have you been wandering? and how has your old age been supported with those comforts which should follow it everywhere?”

“I shall make winter nights seem short,” replied Sebastian! “when I relate to you, all that I have seen and felt. Since the death of her whom no time can efface from this widowed heart, you know that I have lived a life of wandering. I have traversed Europe, Africa, and Asia, on foot, with no other companion than this staff and scrip; no other protection save my grey hairs. My pleasure has been the study of human character under all the accidents of different climates, laws, and customs; my duty has been the task of instructing and en-

lightening the ignorant or wicked of the countries through which I passed. Gratitude and kindness have rarely failed of recompensing these efforts, and I return therefore in good-will with all my fellow creatures."

"Yet ah! Sir, how could you separate from my dear parents?"

"Had you felt what I have felt, Luisa," replied Sebastian, raising his head and fixing his eyes on her, "you would not ask that question. I was bereaved of my soul. When Kara Aziek was ravished from me by death, I saw all my faithful adherents ruined and dispersed through their fidelity to my hopeless cause; I had no other way to end their destructive efforts, and ceaseless importunities, but to remove beyond their reach. I left France and journeyed into Persia to the court of my friend Schah Abbas: twice I returned to Europe, twice embraced my children and their offspring. Twelve years ago I entered Spain a third time; I found you an orphan,



and the only surviving memorial of Blanche and Hyppolito. What then could bind me to a place where but one unconscious child remained? that child one whom I dared not claim or take to myself? I departed again, and it was not till I heard in Germany, (where as his friend, yet unknown by my real name, I had followed the steps of the great Gustavus Adolphus) that you were the wife of Braganza, that I determined to return and close my life under your roof. There is something awful and striking, my child, in this union with the race of Braganza: their claim to my abdicated crown, is next to your own: those claims are now joined—what great event does Providence intend?"

The young Duchess fixed on him a look of trouble mixed with heroism—"I sometimes venture to believe," she said, "that my admirable Juan is ordained to restore the glory of Portugal. The machinations of Spain have failed hitherto of ensnaring him; he yet remains in his country,

the idol of its people, the leading star of its nobles. O! my father, how many frightful plots have been formed to deprive him of life or liberty! he has ever scorned to live with less than the splendor befitting his royal blood, and has continued to spend his princely revenues in princely acts: this conduct has fixed every eye and every heart upon him alone; the Spanish court have become alarmed, and not daring to use violence, have artfully sought to entrap him by a shew of favour.

Olivares, the prime minister of Philip IV. would have persuaded Juan to accept the government of Milan; but what Italian government could tempt him who knew himself the lawful heir to a throne? On the successful revolt of the Catalans, this artful politician sent to demand the assistance of my husband; Juan would not assist in oppressing a brave and outraged people, and he refused to appear under arms in such a cause. Dangerous

was this noble frankness ! the Spaniard dissembling his resentment by a mask of confidence, appointed Juan to command the troops which then lined the coast, protecting it against the threatened attack of the French fleet ; the navy of Spain came to menace them in turn, and its admiral Ossorio, invited my Braganza with his principal officers to an entertainment on board his vessel. Providentially, the secretary (a Portuguese by birth) seized with remorse, privily informed us that Ossorio had orders to sail away with his victims for the remotest Spanish port.

Whilst we debated how to elude this treachery without appearing to suspect its existence, a storm dispersed the rival fleets, and drove the admiral's ship, a total wreck, into the harbour of Cadiz."

" Providential indeed," exclaimed Sebastian, " what followed this ?"

" Disappointed in his base design,

Olivares was not slow in forming another;" resumed the Duchess, "he invested Braganza with some mockery of power, the duty of which consisted in his visiting the fortresses throughout Portugal, inspecting their state, and reporting it to the court of Madrid. The friends of my dear lord discovered that the same orders which had been given to Ossorio, were issued to the Spanish garrisons; he was to be seized, detained, and hurried into Castille.

"My Juan's answer to this proposed favor, was worthy of his illustrious soul: he told Olivares that the next heir to the crown of Portugal, deemed any other title a degradation rather than a distinction:—he declined the office, and the name annexed to it."

"There spoke his noble blood!" exclaimed Sebastian, while some youthful fire warmed his veins, "Heaven's blessing be on him! may he fulfil the prophetic  
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hopes which your words kindle in this time-chilled heart!—Go on, sweet daughter! go on!”

Luisa with all the enthusiasm of ardent affection, resumed her discourse.

“The spirit of her noblest Grandee appears to have lighted up a happy flame in the bosoms of a few gallant patriots: whole provinces have refused to follow the banners of Spain in her attempt to recover Barcelona. The city of Evora resisting an oppressive tax lately levied by our foreign governors, have loudly called for their legitimate sovereign, Juan of Braganza: the garrisons, almost emptied of their Spanish soldiers, (for Philip needs every aid in his war with Catalonia and France) offer an easy prey to our countrymen, whenever they shall have courage to assert their independence.

“As yet, no plan has been formed, no absolute party made for either pretender to the succession. The families D’Avegro, and Villa-Real, plead their affi-

nityt o the throne ; but my husband's right is too clear for dispute : your's alone—and O ! how joyfully will he bow to it—may pass before him.”

Sebastian smiled, and shook his head, “ The world and I, my dear daughter, have long since shaken hands, and said farewell to each other : I have no more to do with its honours or its pleasures : these eyes see but one place of rest, and I am fast hastening to it. Sceptres and crowns, at fourscore years, are the toys and rattles of second childhood, and to desire them is to prove that we are become infants again. To rejoice in the emancipation of Portugal from an oppressive yoke, to rejoice at beholding the reins of her government in young and able hands, is yet permitted me. I would cheerfully devote these grey hairs to the dust, could that effect so blessed an event.

“ The groans of a people once too dear to me—ever dear to me—reach my heart even yet. O might I live to see them



freed from their grievous burthen; to see thee, my child, share thy lawful inheritance with my noble kinsman, how would it cheer, how would it exalt my parting soul."

Luisa was about to answer, when the doors of the saloon opening, discovered a crowd of officers, attendants, and guards, in the midst of whom was the Duke of Braganza. Luisa rose to welcome her husband; and as he dismissed his train, the doors closed again, and he advanced alone into the apartment.

Earnest to observe the countenance of Braganza, Sebastian inclined his venerable person, and lifted up the white locks which obscured his sight. His imagination had represented the husband of Luisa, with a mien dignified, but somewhat austere, and a brow armed with the lofty courage of his conduct. On the contrary, he beheld a man in the prime of life, whose elegantly proportioned figure moved with gentle gracefulness; whose face,

(seriously sweet) invited love, destroyed apprehension, and spoke a heart warmed with the most amiable affections.

The soft tenderness of his eyes as he took and kissed the hand of his wife, was suddenly changed into the brightness of glad surprise, when she hastily told him who was awaiting his embrace: Braganza broke away, and hurried to throw himself at the feet of his illustrious relative.

Sebastian bent to raise and to press him in his arms, "I need no other warrant of thy worth, my dear son," he exclaimed, "than these sweet looks: you are like the noblest child of the Braganza race. My pretty Diego! how freshly I remember him!"

"At what a moment, Sire, do I behold you!" exclaimed Braganza, "the time is critical: Portugal stands on the brink of a great revolution: she is resolved to make one glorious effort—to perish or be free."

The aged King raised his hands and

eyes to heaven in an ecstasy: the Duchess briefly informed her husband of her grandfather's resolution never to resume the throne which he had so long abandoned. Braganza endeavoured to combat this resolution with the rhetoric of one who speaks from the heart; but Sebastian had reason on his side, and his arguments were unanswerable.

When this amicable contest was ended, the Duke resumed the subject which had led to it. "I am come, he said, (and as he spoke, his eyes kindled into the fire of enthusiasm) I am come from a secret assembly of the most potent nobles and citizens in Lisbon: they met at Almeyda, to swear fidelity to each other, and to the sacred cause of freedom. They demand a leader; and it is upon me that they have fixed their eyes. Luisa, I am yours; I am doubly yours, for you have made me a father—it is you therefore that must answer for your Juan. Tell me, sweet-

est! have you courage to let me share this glorious conflict."

The eyes of Juan, as he now suffered them to rest solely upon her to whom he spoke, by turns softened and sparkled, as love and patriotism succeeded to displace each other in his mind: those of the hoary-headed Sebastian expressed an apprehensive anxiety.

Luisa's changing complexion betrayed an inward and a severe struggle; but courageously conquering every selfish care, she looked up, and said firmly, "It is true, you are mine, Juan! but not to the exclusion of sublimer duties and affections: your country's claims supersede all others. Awful is the thought of what may follow this consent I give; for does not the bolt strike him first who stands on the highest ground? Yet, better to die nobly, than to live meanly!—better to lament a dead hero, than to retain"—  
"A base coward!" interrupted Bra-

ganza, snatching her to his breast with transporting exultation. "O my brave wife! may your spirit animate our boy!"

"Bless thee, mighty God!" cried the aged King, as he rose and extended his hands over the admirable pair, "bless them here and hereafter; and grant that their race may ever sit on the throne of Portugal!"

His august figure, dignified yet further by the sublime emotion which elevated his soul, stood like some time-shattered tower, whose ruins shew its former strength and beauty. Luisa contemplated these remains of the once young and love-inspiring Sebastian, with a melting heart; for she thought of all the events and feelings which had filled his chequered life, and sighed to think how barren and how desolate was that Sebastian now.

Braganza looked at him with respect and admiration: "Honored Sire! dear Father!" he said, "I have but one ardent wish—'tis that I may not disgrace the

illustrious blood which flows in my veins. If there be one drop there poisoned by vile ambition, if there be but one that does not flow purely for freedom and my country, may the whole tide that circles through this body, redden the swords of Spain."

Shuddering at so horrid an image, Luisa threw herself on the neck of her husband and fondly chid him. His smiles and caresses banished alarm, while Sebastian, eager to learn the particulars of an association so fraught with importance, proceeded to inquire the names, characters, and resources of the confederate nobles.

He found that the party which had thus courted the protection of Braganza, consisted of the first families in Portugal; and that the Archbishop of Lisbon, a prelate of great power and probity, had, through the means of the inferior clergy assured himself of the spirit and fidelity of three parts of the people.



The Duchess of Mantua, who governed in quality of Vice-Queen, was in reality but the instrument of Vasconcellos, her secretary. This man, though by birth a Portuguese, was in heart a Spaniard: or rather, was a wretch of such wide ambition, such insatiable covetousness, and such base sensuality, that to gratify these favorite passions, he was ready to trample on the mother who bore him.

His licentious conduct, dissolute life, cruelties, extortions, and insults, had by degrees, exasperated the Portuguese into the most deadly animosity: to this private hatred was added the stronger sentiment of national honour, and the animating one of attachment to the person of Braganza.

Nothing could be more ardent or universal than the latter sentiment. Braganza's noble spirit pervaded every place: his bounties flowed into the remotest corners of the kingdom; and while the splendor of his household, his retinue, his

equipages, his entertainments, and his palaces, kept in perpetual freshness the remembrance of his royal birth, the ceaseless dew of his secret charities fell all around, penetrating the hearts of men with gratitude and with love.

In public, his magnificent train, and serious dignity of manner, preserved to him that profound respect, which should ever follow distinguished personages: in private, the sweetness of a benign and smiling temper, the graces of a refined taste, the charm of every accomplishment, and the rivetting talisman of goodness, added affection to respect, and turned admiration into enthusiasm. He was beloved, he was venerated throughout Portugal; and so evident was the dominion he had acquired over his countrymen, that not even the Machiavalian Olivares, though trembling at his power, dared openly arraign or stop his course.

There was something strikingly different in the present spirit of Portugal, from

that irresolute, fearful conduct, which had palsied her exertions for her legitimate sovereign: Sebastian could not refuse a sigh to the remembrance. Then, not even the probable assistance of other powers, stimulated them into open insurrection: now, they were nobly resolved to free themselves, unsupported by other aid than God and their own arms.

While he was thus revolving past events, the memory of his dearest friend often mingled with these thoughts, and by a natural association, reminded him that Gaspar had left a son. "Where is he?" he exclaimed abruptly, pursuing his thoughts aloud, "twelve years ago, I was told that he belonged to your household, my son?"

"Of whom do you speak, Sir!" asked the Duchess.

"Of Juan Pinto Ribeiro," replied Sebastian.

The Duke's features beamed with pleasure. "You ask after the most attached

and estimable of my servants," he said, "Pinto has always studied with me, travelled with me, lived with me more like a brother than a domestic: he is the comptroller of my household; and it is to him I believe myself indebted for the universal suffrages of my countrymen. His love for me and his devotion to our country, are sentiments of equal strength in his excellent heart."

"What do I hear?" exclaimed Sebastian in extreme emotion, tears trickling down his cheeks, "is it the son of my faithful Gaspar that you thus commend! O my children, so many feelings, long, long since laid to sleep in this heart, now awake and overcome me, that I know not myself. Joy, and the recollection of other days, make an infant of me."

Sebastian bowed his venerable head, and as he did so, a slight colour flushed his pale face; for now he wept uncontrolled, and was ashamed of his weakness.

Braganza respected his age and his tears, and drawing Luisa away to the couch of their son, they leaned over it together, occupying their attention with his childish beauty.

After some moments silence, the King resumed in a low, faltering voice. "Let me see Ribeiro! after that I will take some rest:—my spirit is more wearied than my body, yet both require repose."

The Duke hastened to gratify his royal kinsman, and sending for Pinto, (who was the confidential person appointed to carry his final answer to the confederates) he led him up to Sebastian.

Some faint resemblance to his father, (a likeness rather of lineament than of countenance) powerfully affected the venerable monarch: Pinto was nearly the age that Gaspar was when he left his master for the last time at Villa Rosolia, and this circumstance heightened the effect of the resemblance. Sebastian frequently embraced him, and as frequently

repeated the name of his dead friend: he wistfully examined the face before him, but he did not find it the exact counterpart of Gaspar's.

Pinto's eyes and air had the fire of his Italian mother: his look was neither so mild nor so tender as his father's; but it was more pregnant with resolution and talent; it announced him what he was, an intrepid, ardent, faithful, and enterprising man.

Sebastian did not require a second glance at this luminous countenance to decide that Pinto would be the spring and the mover of the Revolution they meditated. After conversing with him awhile, and hearing anew the most momentous details connected with the great event in hand, Sebastian retired, at the pressing instance of his lovely grandchild, who watching the fluctuations of his venerable face, grew fearful that he might suffer from so much emotion, and at length succeeded in leading him to a chamber.



Pinto's arrival in Lisbon was the signal for active measures: each noble hurried to his paternal residence, where they severally employed themselves in secretly securing the support of their tenantry, and their retainers. The clergy awakened the consciences of their parishioners by painting resistance as a duty, submission as a crime; they explained the right of Braganza, while they demonstrated the comparative insufficiency of Philip's title to the crown of Portugal. The merchants animated each other with the view of their present humiliation and their past power; and the starving artizans whom Pinto sought out and relieved, owing their lives to his generous master, professed themselves eager to risk those lives for his advancement.

These springs, though privily worked, were visible in their effects. An impatience of Spanish oppression, with occasional demonstrations of contempt, or of hatred, began to occur in every place; Vasconcellos was alarmed, yet he knew

not on whom to fix the eye of suspicion : for Braganza was retired into the bosom of his own family at Villa Viciosa, remote from the capital, enjoying himself as usual in the peaceful pleasures of study, hawking, hunting, and elegant society.

The venerable stranger who was now and then to be seen coming forth upon the arm of Luisa to breathe the clear air of the parks, or the sweeter breeze of the gardens, was an object of no curiosity to any of the Spaniards: Braganza's palace was so often the asylum of age, misfortune, and helplessness, that an individual just standing on the brink of eternity excited no suspicion. Sebastian therefore, dwelt under the protection of the last of his race, in happy security: his sun was about to set ; but it was sinking beneath a cloudless horizon, to rise again in the region of everlasting bliss.

While his judgment steadily scanned and approved all the sentiments, feelings, and actions of the amiable and admirable

Braganza ; while he marked the brightness of a soul which no passions obscured, and felt the benign influence of a disposition diffusing happiness like light, he became sensible to a solicitude for the event of the revolution, which entirely banished his long though hardly acquired repose. At every dispatch from Pinto, his aged frame shook with strong emotion ; but fortune appeared inclined to favour the good cause, and the heroism of Luisa communicated its own ardour to her parent.

In the midst of this anxiety, an order arrived from the court of Spain, demanding the attendance of the Duke of Braganza at Madrid. The reason assigned for this requisition was plausible and difficult to evade ! for Olivares artfully declared that his august master, grieved at the misery which he was told pervaded Portugal, was determined to investigate the cause, find out and punish the authors, be they who they might, and finally place

at the head of the government one of its own Princes.

To refuse attendance after such a declaration, was impossible to Braganza, if he would retain a title to his country's affection, or conceal from Olivares that he knew his destructive intentions: he was obliged to return an evasive answer, which implied that he would appear at Philip's court, when he could draw around him a train befitting his high rank.

At the suggestion of his wife, whom love made politic, he dispatched this reply by one of his household, who was charged to hire a superb mansion, engage servants, purchase magnificent furniture, in short amuse Olivares by the shew of preparing for the reception of his master and his suite.

So alarming a command as that which would deprive them of their leader, quickened the exertions of the confederates: it

was necessary to establish strong parties throughout every province, to gain the soldiery, to secure the possession of the arsenal, to win over the keepers of prisons, that all confined for resistance to Spanish tyranny might be set free; in short, that the whole kingdom might rise at once in one body, as if by an electric touch, and displace the Vice-Queen without tumult, and without massacre.

To effect these purposes, required more time than it appeared prudent to allow at a period like this: for messengers came daily from Spain, expostulating with the Duke on his disrespectful tardiness.

Pinto, who had secretly and rapidly made the circuit of all the towns devoted to his master's interest, at length ventured to pronounce that the trial might be hazarded.

The regiment of Braganza, he had contrived to get stationed at Elvas and Olivenza, two frontier fortresses, which may be called the keys of Portugal; these he intended

should form a barrier against the Spaniards, should any obstacle arise in the kingdom itself, and might keep them in check till the revolution was completely effected.

Humanely desirous to avoid the effusion of blood, Braganza would not suffer a step to be indiscreetly taken ; and Sebastian exhorted Pinto to avoid temerity, if he would ensure success without slaughter.

They were yet agitating the subject, when an express from Madrid demanding the appearance of Braganza before the expiration of six days under pain of forfeiting his estates, decided the debate, and rendered immediate action a deed of necessity. Pinto proceeded instantly to Lisbon, circulated the news through the city, and at midnight assembled the principal patriots, concerted with them fit measures for securing the persons of the Vice-Queen and her secretary.



It was agreed that four resolute bands, of a hundred men each, should, at a given signal, seize upon the four avenues of the palace, while the Portuguese regiment of cavalry (then quartered in the city) should ride through the streets, proclaiming Juan the IVth, and calling on the other citizens to join their party. The archbishop undertook to appear at the head of all the religious orders, animating the people to take the side of justice and of national honour ; and the artisans, headed by the most popular and intrepid of their order, were pledged to hold themselves in readiness to rush out completely armed, and follow the standard of Braganza.

To every city, and every garrison, hurried some noble or some officer, all sworn to rise and proclaim Juan the IVth at the same hour. Braganza, under the pretext of paying his respects to the Vice-Queen, ere he set out for Spain, re-

moved from Villa Viciosa to a hunting seat opposite Lisbon, where he waited the event with some perturbation of heart.

Sebastian and Luisa were his companions: awful was the time to both!—Sebastian saw the fate of his country in the balance,—the lives and liberties of millions; Luisa beheld a crown and an axe suspended over the head of him she loved beyond all former love. Braganza was the most tranquil, and the most confident, for he knew his own disinterestedness, and trusted to receive the blessing which virtuous motives almost warrant man to expect from a just and approving Being.

The night fixed upon by the confederate patriots now arrived; it was the sixth of December, an hour before that which was to decide the fortunes of Braganza. Pinto came to receive his master's latest instructions, and to conjure him not to delay providing for his safety by means of a vessel which his careful friends had

secured in case of failure, should Providence destine Spain to triumph.

As he embraced his zealous adherent, Braganza whispered in a low, but firm voice, "I go to a throne, or to death: would you that I should outlive the brave friends that must have fallen, ere flight be my only refuge? No Pinto! my resolution was taken long since: I rise or fall with Portugal."

Luisa heard not this declaration, but her eye caught the strong beam of Braganza's, as it flashed an answer to the approving look of Sebastian, and she felt that her husband's soul dilated with some great resolve. Her heart dared not question him; it dared not question itself:—alas! to imagine for an instant, that he, in whom all joy, all delight, were summed up, that he who was indeed her earthly god, should be ravished from her fond arms, and doomed to the death of a rebel, was to think herself into frenzy. She hastily dismissed the image, and smiling

through tears, gave her hand to Pinto, who respectfully kissing it, uttered some inspiring words, and disappeared.

Almost total silence followed the departure of Pinto. At length the clock striking eight, told them that "the work was begun." Sebastian started up at the first stroke of the bell, but immediately sitting down again, he stroked back his grey hair with a trembling hand, and said, sighing, "These white locks, and this boyish eagerness, are not well-suited, my children! we think our characters changed, when the change is only in our circumstances: for thirty long years, scarcely any event has moved me strongly, and now I am all weak agitation."

"Hurry not yourself, dear father!" said Luisa, "by giving that name to honourable feeling: as the soul draws nearer to her divine source, ought not her powers to brighten, her sensibilities to increase? I see no virtue in apathy."

Sebastian turned on her a grateful and

gratified look: Braganza spoke not; his thoughts were so entirely absorbed by one momentous object, that he neither heard nor saw what passed around him.

Suddenly confused sounds proceeded from the distant city, shouts, shrieks, the clamour of alarm bells, the trampling of horses, the beat of drums, proclaimed the confusion which reigned throughout Lisbon; amongst the uproar, Braganza listened for the sound of artillery; none was heard; at this circumstance his hopes expanded, and he exclaimed aloud, "All then goes well!"

Pale with anxiety, yet bright with heroism, Luisa sat by the side of her venerable grandsire, alternately returning the agitated pressure of his hand; or the inquiring glance of his eye; their beating hearts kept time with each other; but as they looked on the inspiring countenance of Braganza, apprehension gave way to hope, and hope to security.

The signal of success at last was heard;

a cannon fired from the citadel, announced that Lisbon was in the hands of the patriots, that the Duke of Braganza was proclaimed King.

At this welcome sound, the transported Luisa threw herself into the arms of her lord ; she intended to salute him by his new title, but love alone spoke, and half fainting with sweet emotion, she could but murmur out, “ Juan, my dear, dear husband.”

Braganza strained her to his breast, his fine countenance all glowing with patriot joy, then eagerly snatching the hand of the majestic old man, he exclaimed,—“ Hasten ! hasten, my father ! that is the call for me,—our country, our beloved country is unchained.”

A deeper flush illumined his face as he spoke, and the ardour of his feelings burst forth in tears. It was not usual for Braganza to weep, and these tears gave testimony to the noble source whence they flowed.



Yielding to the impulse of his hand, Sebastian and Luisa hastened with him out of the house ; his servants had already prepared every thing for their instant conveyance to Lisbon ; they crossed over, and entered the city.

Sebastian had followed, pale, silent, and uncertain ; so many reverses, so many unforeseen shocks had assaulted him at periods of his greatest prosperity, that now he hesitated to believe too soon, or to trust the evidence of other senses than his own.

The gates of Lisbon were thrown open ; they were crowded with armed citizens, wearing the colours of the Braganza's on their caps and scarfs ; the banners of Portugal waved from every public building, the convents and the houses were lighted up, and the whole city resounded with the cry of " Long live Juan the IVth, King of Portugal and of the Indies."

Pinto met his new sovereign at the entrance of the palace : he fell at his feet,

and his manly countenance was overflowed with tears; he attempted to speak, but could not. The archbishop, the clergy, the nobles, and the other patriots, hailed their King with loud and repeated acclamations.

“Where is the Duchess of Mantua?” asked Braganza, pausing, ere he passed the threshold, “My friends, let her be respected, and honourably conducted beyond the frontier. No blood I hope will flow.”

“One victim only!” exclaimed a bold young man, starting forward, and advancing a sword yet red with blood. “This sword (be it enrolled and sainted for the deed) searched the heart of Vasconcellos. I found him hidden in the Vice-Queen’s chamber: I drew the quivering villain forth, and at the same moment a hundred weapons was in his breast. The tyrant is dead! I cried, let liberty live, and Don Juan King of Portugal! At that cry, all Lisbon echoed a shout of triumph, the

Spaniards dropt their useless arms, and the contest was ended."

"The Duchess of Mantua has been removed to Xabregas, Sire," said Pinto, who now found voice to speak. "The citadel, the arsenal, the fleet, all is your Majesty's. Vasconcellos alone has perished, and his crimes called for the vengeance of heaven."

Braganza, bowed in token of assent, ashamed of the momentary pang which the death even of one person caused to his humane heart: he then turned to the surrounding multitude, and with an air at once full of thankfulness and of dignity, acknowledged the services of his friends; promised love and protection to his people; and recommending to them all, mercy towards their unresisting enemies, retired into the palace.

While these things were transacting, Sebastian appeared to have been standing in a trance: he now moved slowly on supported between the young King and

Queen, who anxiously watched his varying looks.

They entered the state apartment : their august companion would have sat down on the first chair he reached, but Braganza gracefully checking him, led him from it, and placed him, ere he was aware, on the throne itself. Sebastian bowed his head with a divine smile ; his heart was agitated, was oppressed beyond utterance ; for the visions of his youth were present here.

This throne, these royal banners, these armorial trophies which witnessed the heroic exploits of his ancestors, those illustrious portraits covering the walls, the very consciousness that he was in his own palace, and that even so, another prince was its master, all united to shake his frame with emotions beyond its strength. But regret mixed not with the sentiment : it was a solemn and an awful fulness of contentment.

He looked down and beheld the amia-

ble Juan with his lovely consort, kneeling before him: their train were left in the outer chamber, and Pinto alone remained. Beyond the palace walls, the city still rung with shouts of "Long live our King!" and still the proud discharge of ordnance shook the buildings around.

Sebastian's eyes wandered over the illuminated countenances of his grand-children, with an expression of celestial satisfaction; yet he was mortal pale, and his hands, as he laid them on the heads of Juan and Luisa, were damp and chilling. "Give me that babe!" he said, after having blessed the parents. Luisa laid it on his arms.

Sebastian received the boy with trembling avidity:—as he bent to kiss his infant cheek, his silver locks sweeping over the eyelids of the little Prince, awoke him, and he looked smiling up. A nobler smile (for it was radiant with the immortal spirit) lighted up the face of the aged King, he leaned back in the royal

chair, he looked at the son of Gaspar, then at Braganza and Luisa, cast a last glance at their child, thought of them he was hastening to rejoin, and fixing his eyes on heaven, he feebly exclaimed, " Die, die ! thou hast lived long enough."

His eyes closed as he spoke, and Luisa starting up to catch her falling babe, discovered that the soul had indeed ascended to happiness and its God !

FINIS.

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